

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 836

DEC. 5, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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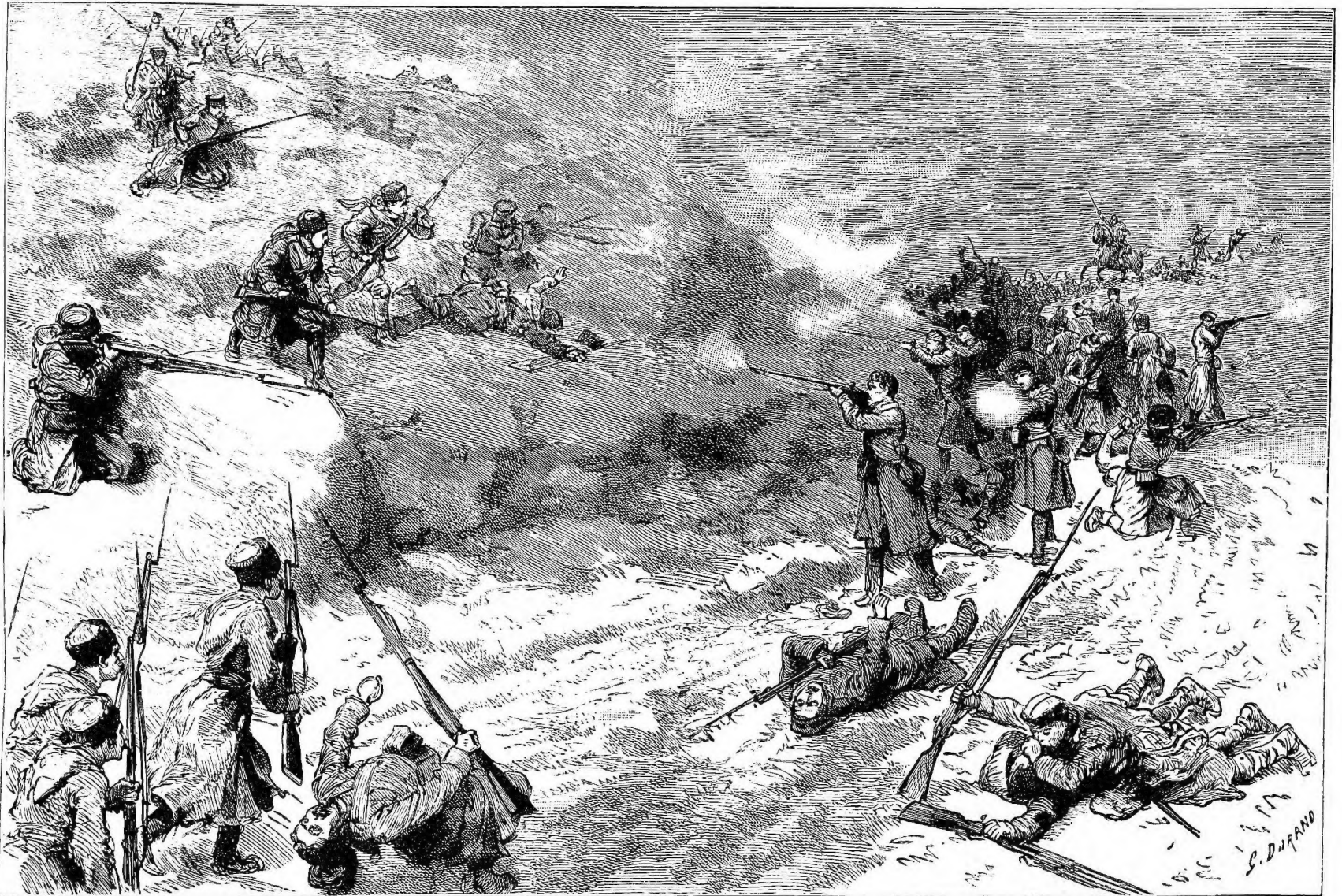
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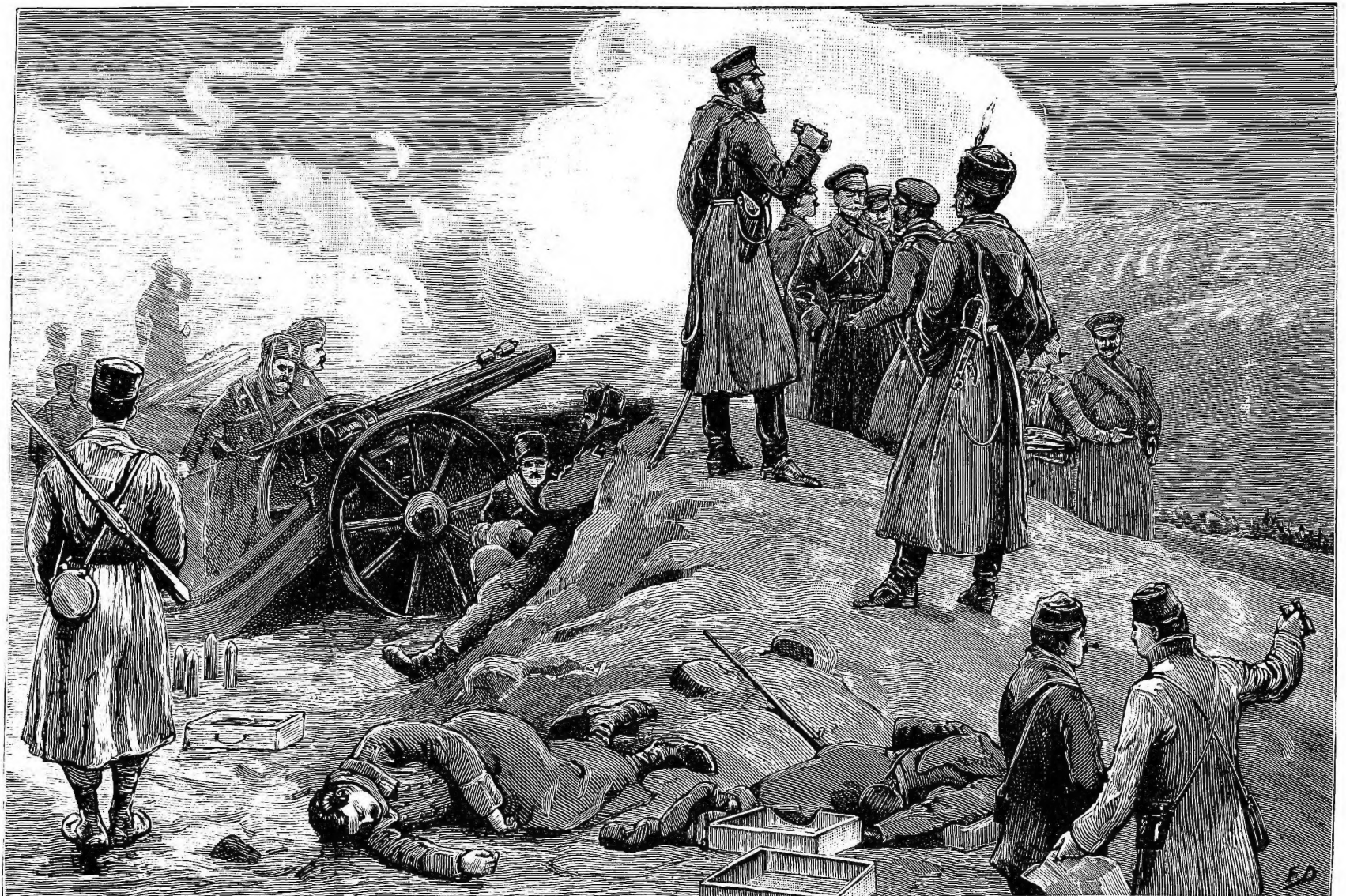
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
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A SERBIAN CHECK IN THE DRAGOMAN DEFILÉ
From a Sketch by Mr. F. Villiers, our Special Artist with the Servians



PRINCE ALEXANDER AND HIS BROTHER, FRANCIS JOSEPH, AT THE BATTLE OF SLIVNITZA, NOVEMBER 17
From a Sketch by M. Antoine Piotrowski, our Special Artist with the Bulgarians

THE WAR BETWEEN SERBIA AND BULGARIA

Topics of the Week

CAUSES OF THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION.—The Liberal leaders—especially the members of the late Ministry—are perfectly well aware why they have received so many rebuffs at the polls, but, as is usually the case with poor human nature, they prefer to attribute their lack of success to other and far less adequate reasons. The effect of the Irish vote in Great Britain, for example, has been absurdly exaggerated. Except in Liverpool, and possibly Manchester and one or two metropolitan districts, it has not practically affected the result of the polling. "The Fair Trade heresy," as it is called, may have influenced some of the Lancashire electors; the attempted raid against the Church of England may have diverted to a Tory some votes which would otherwise have been given to a moderate Liberal; and the semi-socialistic schemes for dealing with the land may have frightened a few timid trimmers into the arms of Conservatism. But, while admitting these propositions, it may be confidently affirmed that the Tory recruits gained from all these sources put together are not very numerous. Whence then the defection which so grieves the soul of the Grand Old Man? It is due, as he knows well enough, to his unparalleled mismanagement of British affairs in all parts of the world during his five years' tenure of office. Ireland, Egypt, the Soudan, South Africa, and Australasia,—are not the bare names enough? Do they not tell an eloquent tale of vacillation everywhere; lavish expenditure of blood and money, rendered fruitless by a policy of scuttle and surrender; loyal colonies provoked into threats of separation; continental nations irritated to the very verge of war? Does Mr. Gladstone imagine that the working-man, who is now supreme at the polls, cares nothing for the honour of Old England, or that he has forgotten the treatment Gordon received? He does not hate genuine Liberalism, but he hates humbugs and muddlers. This is the real interpretation of the popular verdict, and, if the county constituencies, aided by Scotland and Wales, should replace the Liberals in power, they will do well to bear the lesson in mind.

FOREIGN OPINION AND THE ELECTIONS.—The General Election has attracted an unusual amount of attention on the Continent, and it is worth noting that foreign Liberals have not expressed the slightest regret at the unexpected success of the Conservatives. The general opinion among them seems to be that it would be well for England and for Europe if the Liberal party were compelled for some time to remain in Opposition. This is not, of course, due to any sympathy on the part of Continental Liberals with the domestic policy of Lord Salisbury. On all questions relating to home affairs, so far as they understand them, they agree rather with Mr. Gladstone than with his rival. They are pleased with the result of the elections simply because it seems to them of the utmost importance that England should have a strong and intelligible policy. Mr. Gladstone had a chance of displaying some of the highest qualities of statesmanship in the treatment of the Egyptian Question, and the world was astonished and perplexed by the use he made of the opportunity. Had he acted on any clear principle, he would not have excited universal hostility in other countries, even if he had failed; but from the day after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir he seemed to have no guiding principle whatever. The consequence, of course, was that he committed an almost unparalleled series of blunders; and England soon found that there was not one of the Great Powers on whose friendship she could rely. These mistakes made a profound impression upon all the best politicians in Europe, and the English Liberal party is not likely to regain their confidence until it shows that it can act wisely and vigorously in the conduct of foreign affairs.

THE BURMESE SURRENDER.—It is not likely that the successful termination of the brief campaign in Burma produced any effect on the elections. That might possibly have happened had the news arrived during the borough contests, but Hodge has even vaguer notions of geography than the urban workman, and it would be very difficult to make him understand the merits of the Burmese question. The most satisfactory part of the business is that it has been so quickly ended. None the less are General Prendergast and those who served under him entitled to the thanks of their fellow-countrymen. When the expedition started, it was impossible to foresee the amount of resistance it would encounter. The force was comparatively small to venture on a voyage of about two hundred and seventy miles, through a presumably hostile country, and, had any serious hitch occurred, the expedition might have had difficulty in getting back. Nor was the navigation easy, the river being very shallow at some places, while at others the current, confined within a narrow channel, gave the flotilla plenty of trouble. Thanks, however, to the very feeble resistance offered by the Burmese, the voyage was completed in about a fortnight, without any appreciable loss either to the invader or the invaded. A more bloodless campaign, considering that the result was the conquest of a large and important country, has rarely been recorded in military history. Theebaw proved, as we anticipated would be the case, quite deficient in the hardihood required for a guerilla campaign. No sooner did the flotilla come within sight of Ava, than the small remains of the cruel despot's

courage deserted him, and he who only a few weeks before had challenged England to do her worst, surrendered himself, his forts, his guns, his army, and his capital without a blow. This miserable poltroonery was probably prompted by a conviction that his subjects would desert him, and perhaps put him to death, if he attempted to make a stand. He should have reckoned with that contingency, however, before he challenged the arbitrament of arms by refusing redress for a long-continued course of insolent behaviour. For the present, the country is to be administered by English officials from British Burma, an arrangement which savours of annexation at no remote date. Perhaps that may be the best course, and yet it is not without misgiving that one can hear of the enlargement of our overgrown Eastern Empire.

LORD BRAMWELL AND THE IRISH POLLS.—Lord Bramwell, in his usual trenchant, outspoken style, which makes his letters interesting to read, advocates a "No Surrender" policy in Ireland. He would not grant even a modified form of Home Rule or of local government. These be brave words, but facts must be looked in the face. For good or evil, Parliament has granted a great extension of the franchise to Ireland. The borough and county franchise have both been lowered simultaneously, not as in Great Britain, where a long interval of years separates 1867 from 1885. For the first time now, probably, since the days of Strongbow we hear the genuine voice of the Irish people speaking through a lawful channel. And what does that voice say? Does it, as in England (that is, England apart from Wales and Scotland) speak in such a balanced manner that it is difficult to tell whether its utterances have the Liberal or Conservative accent? On the contrary, except in Anglo-Scottish Ulster (and not everywhere even there) and a few semi-Anglicised places, such as Dublin and Cork, there has been no contest worthy of the name between Nationalist and Loyalist. Nationalist has been first, and the rest nowhere. The totals of the Loyalist polls in most places are pitiful reading, they are so very small. Even Dublin City—which used to be reckoned an Anglo-Irish town, and where of course Loyalists mustered pretty strong—now returns four Nationalists. These facts may be unpleasant, but they are facts. What is the lesson which they teach? It is this, that the voice of Ireland (that is, of the Irish majority) demands something which Lord Bramwell and those who think with him positively refuse to give. This will be the main question for the new Parliament to settle, and its solution need not be regarded as hopeless. As has often been asserted in these columns, there are only two really feasible plans for the Government of Ireland, the Crown-colony system, or local freedom. But Mr. Parnell and his allies may be fairly called upon to formulate precisely their ideas of local freedom before any legislative changes are attempted.

MODERATE LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES.—A good many politicians are urging that the Moderate Liberals should unite with the Conservatives in the new Parliament against the Radicals on the one hand and the Irish Nationalists on the other. The Moderate Liberals are not, however, likely to commit themselves until they definitely understand what Lord Salisbury's policy is to be. In his speech at Newport he referred in rather vague terms to the proposal that the relations between Great Britain and Ireland should be established on a basis resembling that which was adopted after the Austro-Prussian War by Austria and Hungary. If Lord Salisbury submitted such a scheme as this to Parliament, the Moderate Liberals would certainly not support him against the Radicals. It is much more probable that the Radicals would support him against the Moderate Liberals. Again, he has been careful not to discourage the hopes of Fair Traders; and we may be sure that, if he shows the slightest inclination to act upon their doctrines, he will meet with resolute opposition from all Liberal politicians who have a general sympathy with Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen. It is not certain that Moderate Liberals and Conservatives will be able to agree even on questions relating to the Land Laws and Local Government. In dealing with these subjects Lord Salisbury has expressed adherence to what were once regarded as distinctively Liberal principles, but it remains to be seen whether he is prepared to make proposals which would be perfectly satisfactory to any section of the Liberal party. On the whole, then, the advice which is being freely offered to the Moderate Liberals seems to be rather premature. Their characteristic quality is caution, and they are likely to make good use of it before deciding on the course they will adopt in the extremely difficult situation which has been created by the General Election.

THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR.—Now that Austria has done what she ought to have done long ago, and has put a stop to the useless carnage in Eastern Europe, the military student can survey the whole campaign from a professional standpoint. It now stands out quite clearly that King Milan's plan of invasion was on too ambitious a scale for the means at his disposal. At the outset, he threw forward all his available troops in a series of detached divisions, his object apparently being to cut off the Bulgarian right at Widdin and to force back the left on the centre at Slivnitsa, preparatory to surrounding the joint force. For a time, the effort succeeded; the Bulgarians had to fall back all along the line of defence and Widdin became completely isolated. In

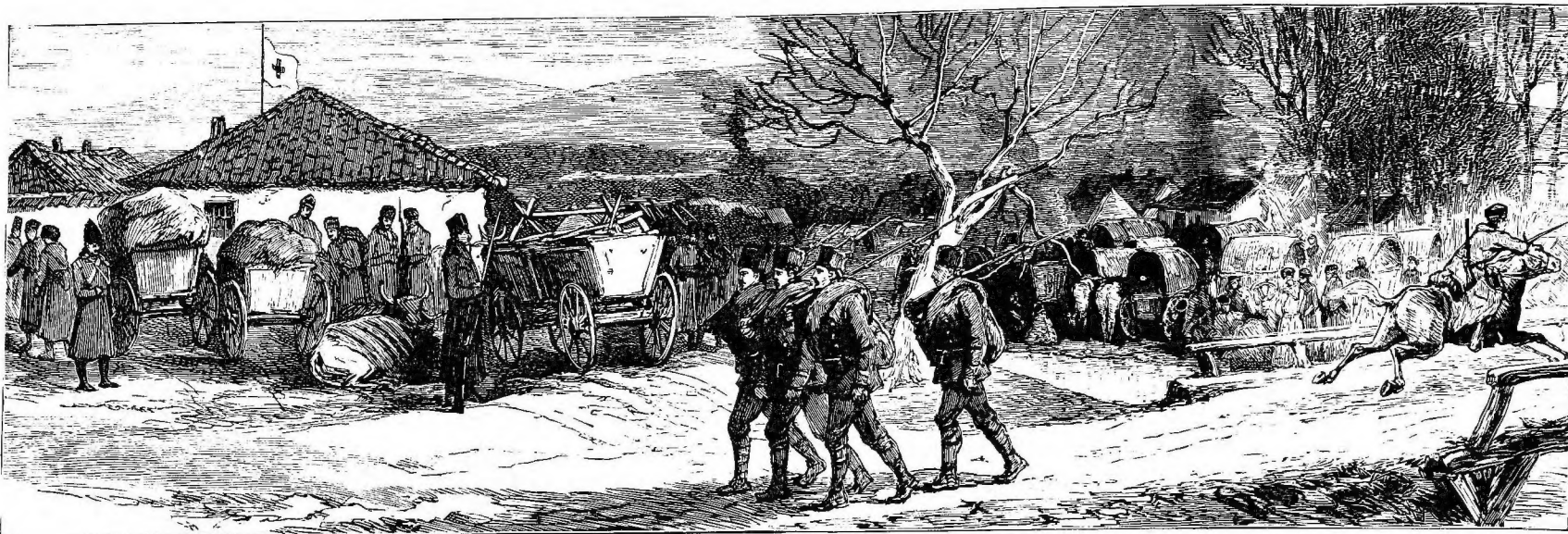
the meanwhile, however, Prince Alexander brought up strong reinforcements from Roumelia, which enabled him not only to hold his own at Slivnitsa, but to prevent the Servian right from turning his position. King Milan might have easily recovered from this check, had not his commissariat arrangements broken down. But for that, he might have entrenched himself on the western slopes of the Dragoman Pass, there waiting until his reserves came up. The dearth of food rendered this impossible, and he therefore had to bring away his half-starved soldiers as well as he could, with the well-fed Bulgarians hanging to their skirts the whole way to Pirot. The fierce battle at that place was stoutly contested on both sides, the Bulgarians eventually gaining the advantage. We are inclined to think, nevertheless, that Prince Alexander was not altogether sorry when Austria ordered him to halt. The Servian reserves were fast coming up, while his own army was getting farther and farther away from its base of supplies.

THE SKIRL O' THE PIPES.—The Maharajah of Johore is an excellent and most enlightened monarch, yet from a passage in the speech which he made at the Scottish Corporation dinner on Monday night, an Englishman—we do not say a Scotchman—might imagine him to be a monster of cruelty. His Majesty said he would never forget the reception which had been accorded to him, and he hoped to take back with him the national instrument which had enlivened the proceedings. That is to say, that he is going deliberately, and in cold blood, to introduce the bagpipes into Johore! But if any Englishman feels such pity in advance for the poor Johorians as to class the Maharajah with the miscreants who first brought rabbits and thistles to Australia, that Englishman is mistaken. The bagpipe is just the instrument to delight the Eastern ear. In India the populace follow a Highland piper about with open-mouthed fascination, just as in England street-children pursue a performing monkey. The reason for this is that genuine Eastern music is more like that of the bagpipes than of any other European instrument. Natives of India learn to play our music and musical instruments very respectably, and form fairly efficient bands. But their heart is still with the music of their native land, which to European ears seems so monotonous, discordant, and uninteresting. It may be suspected that the Scottish bagpipe arouses Indian enthusiasm, because it is like native music, only more so. It is by no means rash to assert that the "skirl o' the pipes" may be destined to aid materially in arousing the East from its immobility and lethargy.

TURKEY AND BULGARIA.—Pressure is still being brought to bear on Turkey to induce her to resist the proposed union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. She will be guilty of extraordinary folly if she abandons the prudent policy she has hitherto pursued in her treatment of this question. The Russian people are beginning to express hearty sympathy with the aspirations of the Bulgarians, and there can be little doubt that the armed intervention of the Porte would lead sooner or later to another Russo-Turkish War. Austria would then consider it her duty to guard her supposed interests in the Balkan Peninsula. The precise results of such a conflict no one would be able to foretell, but it is at least certain that they would not be favourable to the Turkish Government. Even if the opposition of Turkey to the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia did not immediately give the signal for a great war, it would seriously injure her position. For the union is sure to be effected by and by, whatever the Porte may do; and United Bulgaria would always be hostile to the Sultan, if her hopes were realised in spite of his resistance. On the other hand, if he acted in accordance with English counsels, he would secure the friendship of the Bulgarians; and by this time he ought to have learned that their goodwill may be of the greatest service to him. They have shown that they are the steadiest, bravest, and most vigorous of the populations in South-Eastern Europe, and that it would not be easy even for Russia to crush their independent spirit. It should be the supreme object of Turkish policy to establish good relations with this hardy and rising nationality, and it is difficult to believe that a fact which is so obvious to all impartial observers is not perfectly understood by the Sultan and his Ministers.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S OBSCURATION.—A much more remarkable astronomical phenomenon than the meteoric shower has occurred without exciting any attention. Lord Iddesleigh lately compared Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain to the old moon in the lap of the new, a state of things which astronomically presages the replacement of the former by the latter. In the political firmament, however, the contrary rule seems to obtain; for it is indisputable that the Liberal old moon has, for the moment, entirely eclipsed the Radical new moon. Mr. Gladstone is still hammering away about the wickedness of the Tories and the exceeding virtuousness of Scotchmen and Welshmen. But where is Mr. Chamberlain? Where is the great master who undertook to teach the Liberal party how to organise victory? Since he secured his seat at Birmingham he has made no sign whatever. Is he fully employed in working the Caucus machinery? Or has his botanical enthusiasm kept him captive in his orchid houses? We dare not venture the suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain was moved by modesty to go into hiding, in the full conviction that the result of the elections would bring the whole Liberal party to his feet, begging him to become

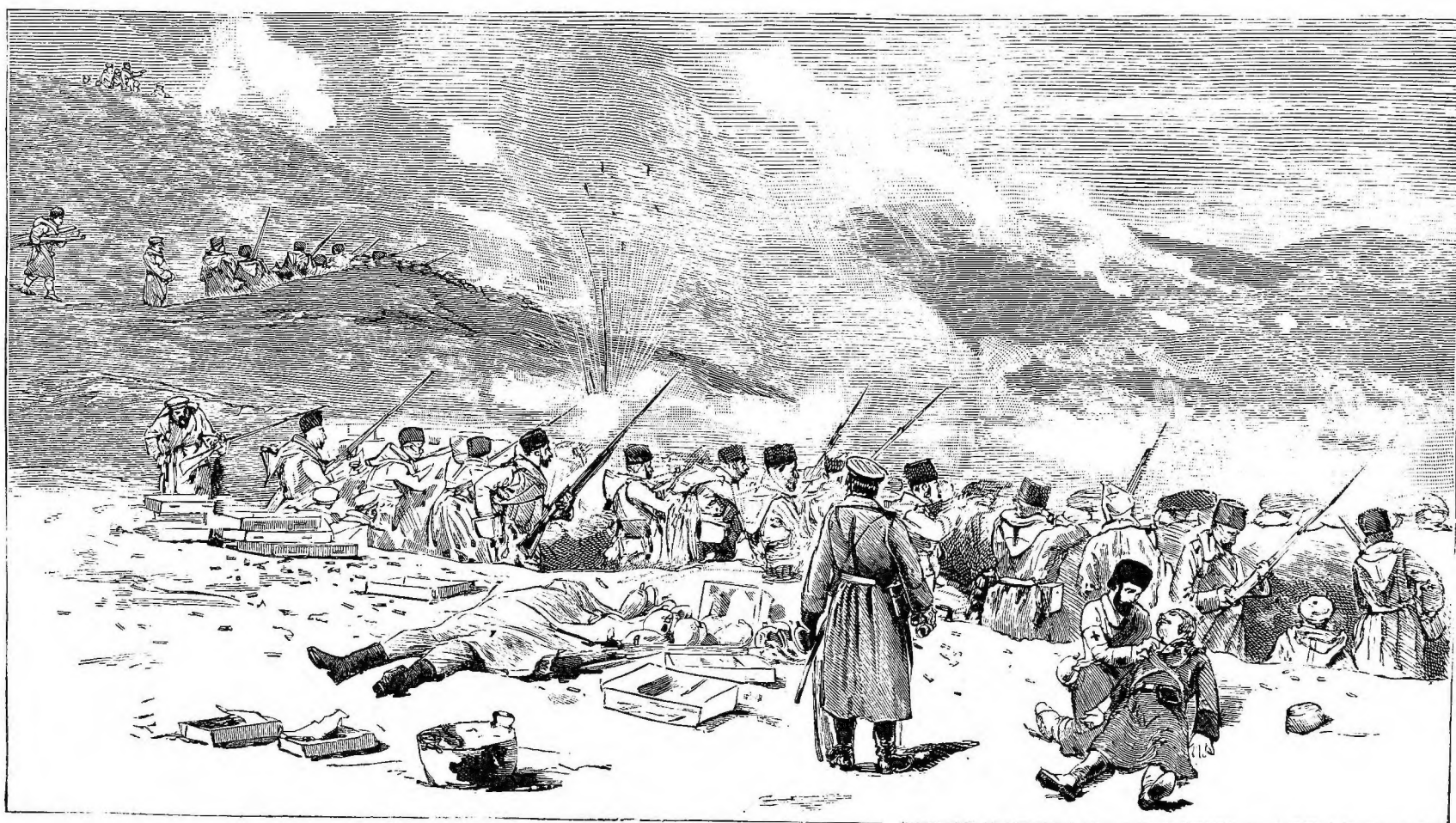
In our illustration are shown two vessels of our fighting flotilla, which left Rangoon for Thayetmayo, the British frontier station on the Irrawaddy, on October 28th. The vessels are H.M. Indian Marine steamer *Irrawaddy* and the river defence boat *Sittang*. The *Irrawaddy* is one of the inland steamers of the Indian Marine Service. She was designed and built by Mr. Macgregor, Chief Engineer of the Government Dockyard, Calcutta. She is 175 feet long and 24 feet beam. She draws 5 feet 6 inches water, and her speed is ten miles an hour. Originally used as the Chief Commissioner's yacht when on a tour of inspection, she was strengthened last year so as to be useful for war purposes, and is now armed with two 20-pounder breech-loading Armstrongs amidships, two 9-pounders aft, two Nordenfelts on the paddle-boxes, and a couple of Gardner's, mounted on wheels, so that they can be taken to any part of the ship. On October 28th she



THE COMMISSARIAT CAMP OF THE BULGARIAN ARMY AT SLIVNITZA



PRINCE ALEXANDER'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SLIVNITZA, NOVEMBER 16



THE BATTLE OF SLIVNITZA, NOVEMBER 17

THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA
FROM SKETCHES BY M. ANTOINE PIOTROWSKI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE BULGARIANS



MR. H. L. W. LAWSON (L)
(West St. Pancras)

Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, who is the son of Mr. Edward Levy Lawson, J.P., D.L., of Hall Barn, Bucks, was born in 1862. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a second class in the honour school of classical moderations, and a first class in the final honour school of modern history.



GENERAL HAMLEY (C)
(Birkenhead)

Sir Edward B. Hamley, R.A., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., was born in 1824, entered the army in 1843, and served in all the chief battles of the Crimean Campaign. He has filled several important posts at the Staff College, Sandhurst, was employed (1878) in fixing the frontier between Russia and Turkey, and commanded the Second Division of the Expeditionary Force in Egypt.



MR C. E. H. VINCENT (C)
(Central Sheffield)

Is the second surviving son of the late Rev Sir F. Vincent, Bart., Canon of Chichester. He was born in 1848, and was educated at Westminster and Sandhurst. He served (1868-73) in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. In 1876 he was called to the Bar, and from 1878 to 1884 was Director of Criminal Investigations. In 1882 he married Ethel Gwendoline, daughter of the late Mr. George Moffatt.



LIEUT.-COL. F. C. HUGHES-HALLETT (C) (Rochester)

Lieut.-Col. Francis Charles Hughes-Hallett was born in 1818, and educated at the R.M.A., Woolwich. He entered the army in 1839, and has served in Gibraltar, Ireland, Scinde, and Beloochistan. He contested Sandwich unsuccessfully in 1874. He married, in 1871, the widow of Lord Justice Selwyn (this lady died in 1875); and, in 1882, Emilie, daughter of Col. Von Schaumburg, of Philadelphia, U.S.A.



MR. ALDERMAN W. KENRICK (L)
(North Birmingham)

Was born in 1811, and educated at University College, London, where he took the gold medal for Chemistry. He then entered into partnership with his father, a hollow-ware manufacturer, at West Bromwich. He was Mayor of Birmingham in 1877, and has been an active member of the National Liberal Federation. In 1862 he married Mary, sister of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.



SIR H. E. ROSCOE (L)
(South Manchester)

Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe, F.R.S., I.L.D., son of Mr. H. Roscoe, barrister, and grandson of Mr. Roscoe, the historian, was born 1813, and educated at Liverpool High School, University College, London, and in Heidelberg. Has been Professor of Chemistry at Owens College, Manchester, since 1857, and in 1880 was elected President of the London Chemical Society.



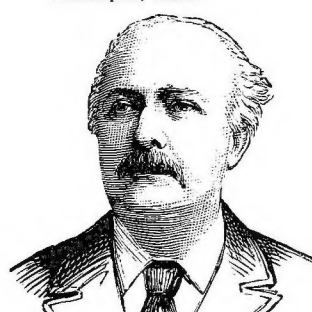
MR. SAMUEL MONTAGU (L)
(Whitechapel)

Was born in 1832, and educated privately and at the High School of the Mechanics Institution, Liverpool. In 1853 he founded the firm of Samuel Montagu and Co., Foreign Bankers. Mr. Montagu is an active member of various Jewish charitable institutions. In 1862 he married Ellen, daughter of Mr. Louis Cohen, and great-niece of Sir Moses Montefiore.



MR. J. H. HEATON (C)
(Canterbury)

Mr. John Henniker Heaton was born in 1848, and educated at King's College, London. Early in life he went out to Australia, bought land, and engaged in journalism. He was Commissioner in 1884 for New South Wales at the Amsterdam Exhibition, and in the same year at the Berlin Telegraphic Conference obtained valuable concessions for Tasmania.



MR. J. M. MACLEAN (C)
(Oldham)

Mr. James Mackenzie Maclean was born at Liberton, near Edinburgh, in 1815. Having become a journalist, Mr. Maclean went out to India, as editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, afterwards becoming the proprietor. He is now a proprietor of the *Western Mail*. In 1857 he married Anna Maria, daughter of Mr. Philip Whitehead. Mr. Maclean is a Fellow of Bombay University.



MR. R. U. P. FITZGERALD (C)
(Cambridge)

Mr. Robert Uniacke Penrose Fitzgerald, of Cork Bay Island, Whiteacre, Co. Cork, was born 1839, and educated at Westminster and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Mr. Fitzgerald is a magistrate and D.L. for Co. Cork, and was for some time Government member of the Cork Marine Board. He married, in 1867, Jane Emily, eldest daughter of the late General Sir William Colington, C.B.



SIR G. HUNTER (C)
(Central Hackney)

Sir Guyer Hunter, K.C.M.G., entered the Indian Medical Service, Bombay Presidency, in 1859, and served throughout the Burmese War and the Indian Mutiny. In 1876 he was appointed Principal of the Grant Medical College, and in 1879 Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay. He retired in 1880. When cholera broke out in Egypt, the Government sent him there on a special mission.



MR. W. BURDETT-COUTTS (C)
(Westminster)

Is the second son of Mr. Ellis Bartlett, of New Plymouth, Mass., by Sophia, daughter of Mr. J. K. Ashmead, Philadelphia. He was born in the United States, and educated at Cholmeley School, Highgate, and Keble College, Oxford. He was married in 1881 to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of Holly Lodge, Highgate, and Stratton Street, Piccadilly, at the same time assuming her name.



MR. E. H. PICKERSGILL (L)
(South-West Bethnal Green)

Is the youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Pickersgill architect, of York, and was born in 1852. He was educated at York Grammar School, and at the University of London. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1884. In 1868 Mr. Pickersgill obtained an appointment in the Post Office, but resigned it on becoming a candidate for Parliament.



MR. D. SMITH (C)
(Brighton)

Mr. David Smith was born in London, and educated in Scotland. He is a magistrate and Alderman of Brighton, and was Mayor 1880-81.



MR. J. F. HUTTON (C)
(North Manchester)

Mr. James F. Hutton, F.R.G.S., was born in 1826. Is a merchant, and a member of International Congo Association. Is a J.P. for Lancashire, Belgian Consul at Manchester, President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Vice-President of the Manchester Geographical Society. He married Catherine, daughter of Mr. J. R. Jones, of Penrylle, Flintshire.



MR. J. F. MOULTON (L)
(Clapham)

Son of a Wesleyan Minister, was born at Madeley in 1844, and educated at Path, and St. John's, Cambridge. In 1868 he was Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prize man at Cambridge, obtained the Gold Medal for Mathematics in London University, and was elected a Fellow of Christ's College. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1874, and was made a Q.C. in 1885.



MR. W. LEATHAM BRIGHT (L)
(Stoke-upon-Trent)

Mr W. Leatham Bright was born in 1851 and is the second son of the Right Hon John Bright, by Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. William Leatham, of Heath, near Wakefield. He was educated at Grove House, Tottenham, and at the London University. He married in March 1881, Isabella, third daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Iglov, of Shepley House, Carshalton, Surrey.



MR. POWELL WILLIAMS (L)
(South Birmingham)

Is the son of the late Mr. Joseph Williams, a vinegar manufacturer at Worcester. He was born in 1840, and educated at the Proprietary School, Edgbaston. He has served several municipal offices in Birmingham, and was elected Alderman in 1883. He is a J.P. He married a daughter of the late Mr. Bindley, surgeon, of Birmingham.



MR. G. HOWELL (L)
(North-East Bethnal Green)

Mr. George Howell was born in 1833 at Wrington, Somerset. His father was a builder and contractor. He was secretary of the London Trades Council on its first formation, and afterwards secretary to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress. He has twice contested Aylesbury, and once Stafford, without success.



SIR A. BORTHWICK (C)
(South Kensington)

Sir Algernon Borthwick is the son of the late Mr. Peter Borthwick, for many years M.P. for Evesham, by Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Colville, of Ewart, Northumberland. He was born in 1839, and was educated at Paris and King's College, London. He is the proprietor of the *Morning Post* newspaper. In 1879 he married Alice Beatrice, daughter of Mr. T. H. Lister, of Armitage Park.



DR. B. W. FOSTER (L)
(Chesham)

Dr. Balhazar Walter Foster was born at Cambridge in 1849. He entered the medical profession, and is an F.R.C.P. of London, President of the Council of the British Medical Association, and Professor of Medicine in Queen's College, Birmingham. He is a J.P. for Warwick and a Town Councillor for Birmingham. In 1864 he married Emily, second daughter of Mr. W. L. Sargent.



MR. L. L. COHEN (C)
(North Farringdon)

Was born in 1842, and subsequently joined his father in business on the London Stock Exchange (of which institution he is a trustee and manager), and also as a foreign banker. He is a Vice-President of the Council of the Federated Synagogues, and a D.L. for the City of London. In 1876 he married Esther, daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Moses, of Hyde Park Square.



SIR L. PELLY (C)
(North Hackney)

Major-General Sir Lewis Pelly, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., is the son of the late Mr. John Hinde Pelly, of Hyde House, Gloucestershire, and was born in 1825. He was educated at Rugby and entered the army at the age of fifteen. In 1851 Sir Lewis was appointed Attaché to Sir James Outram and has since rendered much valuable service in India, Afghanistan, and elsewhere.



MR. W. R. CREMER (L)
(Haggerston)

Is the son of Mr. G. M. Cremer, of Fareham, Hampshire, herald painter, and was born in 1838. He was brought up as a carpenter and joiner, and is now the editor and publisher of the *Arbitrator*, the organ of the Workmen's Peace Association. He was formerly Secretary of the International Working Men's Association. He contested Warwick unsuccessfully in 1868.



MR. O. V. MORGAN (L)
(Battersea)

Mr. Octavius Vaughan Morgan was born in 1827. In 1848 he became a partner in a mercantile business, and in the Battersea Crucible Company. In 1867 he married Katherine Ann, daughter of Mr. Henry Simkin, of Highbury. Is a J.P. for Surrey, a member of the Municipal Reform League, a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, and takes a great interest in the Colonies.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS

PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS WHO HAVE NEVER BEFORE SAT IN PARLIAMENT—FIRST SERIES

was taken possession of by Captain Clatterbuck, R.N., and the white ensign hoisted. She is manned for fighting purposes by seventy-five blue-jackets, and her crew of Lascars are under the charge of her former Commander, Mr. C. W. Hewett, I.M.

The *Sittang*, formerly an ordinary steam launch, has been converted into a Nordenfolt torpedo river defence boat by Captain Warden, I.M. Port Officer, Rangoon. She is 50 ft. long and 9 ft. beam, and draws 4 ft. 6 in. water. She has water-tight compartments, carries three Nordenfelts, two torpedo booms, and fires a 40 lb. gun-cotton charge below the surface of the water. She is commanded by Lieutenant Ballard, R.N., of H.M.S. *Woodlark*.

The large vessel lying in the harbour is H.M.S. *Turquoise*, some of whose crew, together with men from H.M.S. *Woodlark*, have furnished the fighting blue-jacket contingent for the expedition.—Our view is from a photograph by Mr. C. A. Lidstone.

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN

See page 621.

ELECTIONEERING IN THE OLDEN TIME, III.

See pp. 625 et seqq.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 629.

ELECTIONEERING FROM A SOLDIER'S POINT OF VIEW

ACCORDING to constitutional theory, the military are supposed to become invisible while voting is going on; in fact, they are confined to barracks. The reason for this is that in former times, when the Sovereign possessed not only social influence but substantial authority, patriotic citizens suspected, and not always without reasonable cause, that Royalty might, through its redcoats, intimidate the free and independent electors. All this is altered now, and, under the new system, soldiers may exercise the privileges of the franchise. At all periods, however, the military have been wont to appear on the scene of an election whenever, as the other day at Nottingham, the public peace is in danger of being broken. Our sketches (which are by Major J. Marshman Hill, 28th Regiment) depict the incidents of a terrible expected riot which never came off. Instead of being engaged in charging a furious mob, hurling stones and bricks, the officers enjoyed a quiet rubber, while the men got up a couple of sham election scenes.

ELECTED!

MANY of our readers may remember a very painful picture which appeared in *Punch* during the General Election of 1880. An unsuccessful candidate, by way of diverting his melancholy, has taken his little daughter to the Zoological Gardens. She is eagerly watching the inmates of the bear-pit, and suddenly exclaims, with childish glee, to her father, who is standing aloof, wrapped in gloomy reflection, "Papa! papa! he has got to the top of the pole!" The reminiscence thus aroused is so bitter for the poor candidate that he can scarce refrain from tears. Here we have the reverse picture. The successful candidate is receiving a family ovation. A cynic will perhaps say that these are the only really happy moments which his M.P. ship will confer on him. Like most cynical remarks, this contains only a spice of truth. If a man is sociable, unaffected, and not afraid of work, he is sure to make friends in the House; and, moreover, without ever opening his lips in a set speech, he may perform much useful and practical labour on behalf of his countrymen generally. That there may be many M.P.'s of this sort in the new Parliament, whatever the colour of their political cockade—whether Tory true blue, Whig buff, flaming Radical red, or Parnellite green—should be the wish of every patriotic soul.

Our portraits of the new Members of Parliament are from photographs as follows:—Dr. B. Foster and Mr. Alderman Kenrick by H. J. Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham; General Hamley by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Messrs. G. Howell, O. V. Morgan, and W. R. Cremer by Mr. Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.; Mr. W. L. Bright by Lambert Weston and Son; Mr. R. U. P. Fitzgerald by Scott and Wilkinson, 47, St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge; Mr. H. L. Lawson by S. Argall, High Cross, Turo; Mr. E. H. Pickersgill by J. Pitt and Son, 213, Bethnal Green Road; Mr. Ald. J. P. Williams by R. W. Thripp, 66, New Street, Birmingham; Mr. J. F. Hutton by Mayall, 164, New Bond Street, W.; Sir W. G. Hunter by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.; Sir H. E. Roscoe by M. Guttenberg, 316, Oxford Road, Manchester; Mr. J. Henniker Heaton by J. Bateman, Canterbury; Mr. C. E. Howard Vincent by R. Pratchett, 96, Barker Pool, Sheffield; Mr. Ald. D. Smith by W. and A. H. Fry, 68, East Street, Brighton; Mr. J. M. Maclean by Garside and Risley, 6, Park Road, Oldham; Sir A. Borthwick by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.; Sir Lewis Pelly by Albert Young, 17, Regent Street, W.; Colonel Hughes Hall by John Edwards, 1, Park Side, S.W.; Mr. S. Montagu by E. Trzemeski, We Lwowie; Mr. L. L. Cohen by Disderi, 4, Brook Street, Hanover Square, W. The portraits of Mr. W. Burdett Coutts and Mr. J. F. Moulton are from prints.



THE GENERAL ELECTION.—The pollings up to Saturday last gave the Liberals a majority of one, which was increased to thirty-eight on Wednesday by Liberal gains in the counties and by the Welsh and Scotch elections. Since our last issue the Conservatives have continued to triumph in the English boroughs, their most signal victory having been achieved in Manchester, where, out of six seats, the Conservatives won five. At Bradford the Irish local leaders exerted themselves to the uttermost to defeat Mr. W. E. Forster—"Buckshot" Forster—who, nevertheless, was returned by a large majority. In the metropolitan boroughs thirty-seven Conservatives have been returned against twenty-five Liberals, noticeable among Liberal defeats being that in North Kensington of Mr. Firth, the champion of London Municipal Reform, and among Liberal successes the return of Mr. R. Chamberlain, brother of the Mr. Chamberlain, for North Islington. In Middlesex, among other Conservative victories, Sir James Hogg, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, has defeated Lord Kensington, one of the Liberal whips, who was appointed by Mr. Gladstone in 1880 Controller of the Queen's Household. Another and more important member of the late Government, Mr. Evelyn Ashley, has been defeated in the Isle of Wight by the Attorney-General. The only member of the Government who has failed to obtain a seat is Mr. Sidney Herbert, defeated in the Northern Division of Wiltshire. In the English counties the most striking Liberal victories have been won in Yorkshire. The Toryism of the old school has lost one of its few surviving representatives in the House of Commons by the defeat of Mr. James Lowther in Lincolnshire. In Scotland Liberalism is still dominant, and his magnificent majority in Midlothian has done much to keep Mr. Gladstone in good spirits. Even in Scotland, however, the Conservatives have scored some successes. They have won Kircudbrightshire and a seat in Renfrewshire, and a Liberal opponent of the Disestablishment of the Kirk having contested the Kilmarnock Burghs with the chief champion of the measure, Mr. Dick Peddie, a Conservative, has been enabled to slip in. In Ireland the Nationalists are, as was expected, carrying all before them except in Ulster.

MR. GLADSTONE has written in reply to an address from some Irish admirers in the United States a letter, dated Sunday last, which looks very much as if intended to mollify Mr. Parnell. "Of the more arduous labours of my long life," he says, "a large part have been devoted to the service of Ireland, and the most potent of the motives which have led me at an advanced age to forego a long-coveted repose has been, and is, the hope of being allowed to render her some further service."

POLITICAL SPEECHES.—Addressing on Monday electors of Flintshire in support of the candidature of Lord Richard Grosvenor, Mr. Gladstone attributed the Conservative gains in the English boroughs mainly to the Irish vote, and spoke with confidence of an ultimate victory of the Liberal party, through probable successes in the English counties and its assured triumph in Scotland and Wales. —Speaking at Eastbourne in support of the Liberal candidate, Sir William Harcourt said that the Tories knew they could not have a majority, and asked what they had done for the farmers and labourers to deserve the votes of the county electors.—At Walthamstow, speaking in support of Mr. Baring's candidature for that division of Essex, Sir Charles Dilke said that the most the Conservatives could expect was to govern by the favour of Mr. Parnell, whose terms would be high.—Much the same view of the situation was taken by Lord Hartington speaking at Ulverston on Tuesday in support of Sir Farrar Herschell's candidature.—At Swindon on Wednesday, speaking in support of the Conservative candidate for the Northern division of Wilts, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said that in 1880 the Irish vote was given to the Liberals, when it was received with gratitude, and he asked why it was to be put to the credit of the Liberal party in 1885, and to the discredit of the Conservative party in 1885?

LORD IDDESLEIGH, who is Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, presided on St. Andrew's Day at the Two Hundred and Twenty-first Anniversary Festival of the London Scottish Corporation, and in proposing it as a toast said, that in the days of Elizabeth and James I. there were only about fifty Scotchmen resident in London, while the last census showed them to number about fifty thousand. Among the other speakers were Sir Gerald Graham, Sir Peter Lumsden, the Maharajah of Johore, and Mr. Archibald Colquhoun.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY formally resigned the Presidency of the Royal Society at the Anniversary Meeting on St. Andrew's Day, when Professor G. G. Stokes, the distinguished Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, was installed as his successor. In the course of his farewell anniversary address, Professor Huxley made the welcome announcement of his belief that with rest, by which he did not mean idleness, but release from distraction and complete freedom from those lethal agencies which, he said, are commonly known as the pleasures of society, he might yet regain as much strength as a man of his age could expect.

AT THE MEETING of the Royal Geographical Society this week, Mr. W. Montagu Kerr read a very interesting paper, describing in often picturesque detail his dangerous and difficult journey overland, much of it through countries previously little known, from Cape Town across the Zambesi to Lake Nyassa. Throughout his journey he found more to discourage than to encourage colonisation by Europeans; but, he added, during the whole of his journey he was never robbed of a single bead or bale of cloth, though for months the goods were completely at the mercy of the natives.

THE DEATH, in his eighty-second year, of the Duke of Somerset is announced. Educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford, he married in 1830, as Lord Seymour, one of the daughters of the famous R. B. Sheridan, who afterwards shone as Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament. From 1834 onwards for twenty-one years, and in the Liberal interest, he represented Totnes in the House of Commons. He succeeded to the Dukedom in 1854. He filled various offices in Liberal Administrations, the most important of them being the First Lordship of the Admiralty, which he held under Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell from 1859 to 1866. The Duke of Somerset was a Whig, and opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. Besides two mathematical works, His Grace was the author of a treatise, "Monarchy and Democracy: Phases of Modern Politics," written from the point of view which has since been adopted by the Liberty and Property Defence Association; and of another on "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism," startling from the heterodoxy avowed in it by an English Duke. His Grace is succeeded by his brother, Lord Archibald St. Maur, who was born in 1810.

OUR OBITUARY also records the death of Sir R. Gosset, successively Assistant-Sergeant, Deputy-Sergeant, and Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons, which he had served for nearly half-a-century when he retired at the end of last Session; in his eighty-ninth year, of General Sir H. R. Ferguson-Davie, from 1847 to 1878 Liberal M.P. for the Haddington Burghs; in his fifty-seventh year, of Vice-Admiral Stirling, who was Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific from 1877 to 1882; in his seventy-first year, of Dr. Thomas Andrews, the eminent scientist, for many years Vice-President of and Professor of Chemistry in Queen's College, Belfast, and President of the British Association at its Glasgow meeting in 1876; in his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. J. Lewis Farley, ex-Turkish Consul at Bristol, and late Privy Councillor of the Bulgarian Works Department, author of several works on the Turkish Empire and the Eastern Question, the best known of which was the earliest of them, published in 1862, as "The Resources of Turkey, Considered with Special Reference to the Profitable Investment of Capital in the Turkish Empire;" suddenly, in his fifty-seventh year, of Mr. George Wilson, Chairman and Managing Director of Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co. (Limited), Cyclops Steel and Iron Works, Sheffield, an immense concern, employing in various parts of the North of England nearly 10,000 hands, and owing its present magnitude to his energy and enterprise; in his seventy-third year, of Mr. G. Crawford, for thirty-four years Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, to which post he was appointed on the recommendation of Thackeray; and of Mrs. Barnes, of Gilling Castle, Malton, a lineal descendant of Cromwell's Fairfax.

LONDON MORTALITY again increased last week, and 1,610 deaths were registered, against 1,557 during the previous seven days, a rise of 63, but being 122 below the average, and at the rate of 20.6 per 1,000. There were 62 deaths from measles (an increase of 18, and 13 above the average), 1 from small-pox, 12 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 20 from diphtheria, 47 from whooping-cough (an increase of 5), 14 from enteric fever (a fall of 10), 1 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, (a decrease of 2), 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 3), and not one from typhus fever or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 480, an increase of 26, and exceeded the average by 16. Different forms of violence caused 58 deaths, 50 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 16 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 14 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. The deaths of two adults and one child aged 12 were referred to hydrophobia; these raised the number from the beginning of the present year to 25. There were 2,422 births registered, against 2,682 the previous week, being 239 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 45.1 deg., and 4.2 deg. above the average. Rain fell on five days of the week, to the aggregate amount of 1.43 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 1.0 hour, against 3.9 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



MANY people who have a vivid recollection of Violet Fane's "Sophy; or, the Adventures of a Savage," have been waiting impatiently for its successor. The successor, "Thro' Love and War" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), has now arrived; and it is well high as delightful a novel as its brilliant predecessor in its own somewhat different way. Lucy Barlow, the heroine, is a woman as only a woman could paint her, from her strongest emotions to her weakest moods. So minutely, almost so exhaustively, is the portrait finished, that the training of any future novelist cannot be considered complete unless he or she has made a careful study of "Thro' Love and War." And the task is certain to prove a delightful one, even if undertaken solely for pleasure. We are far from saying that the novel is without grave faults, and faults from which "Sophy" was free. The story is so full of unlikely complexities and coincidences as to sometimes destroy the illusion that we are reading of real persons; the paths are too often intrusive and commonplace, as in the feeble and tiresome trick of introducing a child for no apparent reason except that it may die; and we need only mention our old friend, "the sacred Llama," to warn people of an accurate turn of mind that there is a good deal of irritation in store for them. But, while exceedingly womanly in style and all else—even in punctuation—in a cynical sense, it is also womanly in the best and the most charming sense. The humour with which it abounds is conversational rather than literary; the writer's genius for observation is at once kindly and keen; and, as a frank and independent study of a woman by a woman, the novel has even claims to be regarded as a new and original departure in fiction.

Mr. Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto" (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus) will also recall some pleasant memories, and will in its turn be pleasantly remembered. In form, it is a mock-realist chronicle of the secret history of a petty German Court, occasionally, but by no means consistently, making use of the opportunities afforded by the subject for political satire on a larger scale. That it is written with the most finished grace need scarcely be said, save for an occasional tendency to slip into the rhythm of verse, which is simply the ruin of prose. It is essentially a romance, with a considerable touch of the burlesque besides; though strictly realistic in form, we are never allowed for a moment to forget that the characters, one and all, belong entirely to the world of fancy. There never was a Prince Otto; there never was a Princess Stephanie; and if there were, their assumed relations to one another, both first and last, would have been of a very different kind. In short, "Prince Otto" is at any rate on the threshold of Gilbertian comedy. But as a slight of fancy, seasoned with satire and adorned with descriptive writing of the highest order, the book must needs be enjoyed by all but those perverse people who want everything to mean something.

"Thereby," by Fayr Madoc (2 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is a decidedly clever and amusing story, though, to speak paradoxically, it would be more amusing if it contained less than was intended to amuse. The mannerisms of the humorous characters are excellent up to a certain point, but the author does not know when he has given more than enough of the same good thing. However, amusement is only his secondary intention. The serious interest of his story is considerable; but it calls for an exceptional capacity on the part of the reader for starting from hopelessly impossible premises. These once accepted, however, all else follows naturally enough, and the novel has undeniable life, spirit, and vigour.

"His Good Angel," by Arthur Reade (1 vol.: J. and R. Maxwell), is conceived on the lines of the very youthful days of sensational novels, or rather of their precursors. We have a weak but virtuous heir; the wicked half brother who compasses his death, first by indirect means and then by arsenic, and who drinks a bottle of poison on his own account when finally detected by the skill and self-devotion of the charming and faithful heroine; and, in short, all the incidents naturally belonging to a plot of this fine old kind. On the other hand, the treatment and the style are mild and ladylike to the last degree. The result is curiously incongruous.

"Where Tempests Blow," by M. W. Paxton (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is composed of various old plots, pieced together not without ingenuity. But its central situation is novel, so far as we are aware—a girl imagines she has poisoned her uncle by giving him the wrong physic, whereas, though the physic indeed was wrong, it was not poison. Another noteworthy feature of the story is the propensity of the characters for falling from dog-carts, spraining their ankles, falling down in fits, and being lost in the snow. The doctor of the district must have had an unusually enviable country practice. On the whole, "Where Tempests Blow" cannot be called either amusing or interesting, but its moral is in every way admirable, and, considered as a mosaic, is a very fair example of constructive skill.



THE efforts of M. Lubimoff, the Russian tragedian, to attain notoriety, though they may have been frustrated in some directions, have resulted, nevertheless, in making his name familiar to the public. Fame, however, as Milton's Dalilah observes, is capable of blowing with "contrary blast;" and she has, unfortunately, not trumpeted very much to the advantage of this gentleman's claims to be regarded as a serious actor of high rank. On Saturday afternoon last M. Lubimoff gave a performance at the Adelphi Theatre of an adaptation of M. Sardou's *Daniel Rochat*, selecting for himself the character of the hero, a Gambettist member of the French Representative Assembly, who quarrels desperately with his bride on the marriage day on the ground of her refusal to supplement their civil union by a marriage in accordance with the rites and ordinances of the Church. The grave questions involved in this situation failed to impress the audience, partly because of the absurdities and incongruities of the adaptor's dialogue and modifications of the original play, and partly owing to the incompetency of the performers. M. Lubimoff's failure, it is true, was not so disastrous as that of some of his leading supporters; but his painfully sustained level of austere self-satisfaction must yet be held responsible for something of the derision with which *Rochat*, the "new Society drama, in four acts," was received by the audience.

Mr. Wills's version of *Faust*, at the LYCEUM, which it was expected would be produced about the middle of this month, will, owing to the extensive nature of the scenic preparations, come somewhat closer upon the Christmas holidays. During the last fortnight Miss Ellen Terry, who is unfortunately slightly out of health, has been resting, and recruiting her strength for the part of Margaret. Next week *Louis XI.* will be revived for a few nights.

Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles is awakening high expectations among many of the admirers of that great favourite of the public, his figure and style of delivery being considered equally favourable for the part. On the other hand, some who retain a vivid impres-

sion of his curious failure in the character of the demon Vanderdecken, in Mr. Wills's ill-fated play of that name, are apprehensive that the didactic and sententious side of the character of Goethe's fiend may receive too little relief from his lighter vein of fantastic mockery. Not even an election, however, after a Franchise Bill is more unsafe to forecast than the fate of a poetical play, however popular the performers, or elaborately picturesque the scenery.

The Fay o' Fire at the OPERA COMIQUE is an acknowledged failure. It will shortly be withdrawn. *Alone in London*, at the OLYMPIC, has also failed to prove attractive in any considerable degree; while *The Japs* has already succumbed at the NOVELTY, where to-night a burlesque of *Vanderdecken*, written by Mr. Whyte Edgar, will be played for the first time.

The native Indian company, with whom we have already made our readers acquainted, will commence their short engagement at the Gaiety on Saturday, December 19. They will play both in English and the vernacular. *The Lady of Lyons* and plays of Shakespeare by native Indian performers will be undoubtedly a dramatic curiosity. Report speaks highly of the talents of our visitors.

The ever-popular Mr. Toole, with the full strength of his company, will re-appear at TOOLE'S Theatre on Monday evening next in a new farcical play entitled *Going It*, by Mr. Maddison Morton, author of the immortal *Box and Cox*.

Mr. Mayer's company at the ROYALTY have been playing throughout this week in M. Sardou's *Odette*. Madame Eugénie Legrand represents the heroine.

At the VAUDEVILLE, on Wednesday afternoon, a new comedy entitled *Loyal Lovers*, adapted from M. Labiche's play *Le Voyage du M. Perrichon*, by Messrs. C. Garick and A. F. Guibal, was very well received by a large audience. It describes the adventures of a retired tailor and two suitors for his daughter's hand, and the farcical element is not so rampant as in most modern "comedies." Nevertheless there is plenty of amusing dialogue, with clever situations. Mr. Thomas Thorne made an admirable tailor, and the "Loyal Lovers" were well acted by Messrs. E. W. Gardiner and Walter Everard, while Miss Lavis and Miss Kate Rorke took the chief female parts, which, however, are rather unimportant.

The New York papers publish in detail a copy of the elaborate menu of the breakfast lately given to Miss Mary Anderson by the members of the "Sorosis," or Ladies' Club, of New York. No wine, we learn, was allowed. The toasts were all proposed by ladies, and were drunk in water, which, one authority is careful to state, "was filtered for the purpose."

DRURY LANE and the ADELPHI will both close after this week to give time for preparations for their forthcoming pieces. At the former house the pantomime is the cause of this temporary *relâche*; at the latter it is Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new realistic nautical drama.

Impulse will be revived at the ST. JAMES'S at Christmas, in the place of *May Fair*.

Hoodman Blind, which was played for the 100th time last Saturday at the PRINCESS'S, has been produced with great success at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS

I.

THE high standard established by the two former exhibitions of this Society is well maintained in the present display. The president, Sir J. D. Linton, contributes nothing, but nearly all the other members are represented, some of them by works of remarkable merit; and among the numerous pictures by outsiders an unusually large proportion present features of novelty and interest. Many of the largest and best figure pictures are collected in the first gallery. Here close to the door we find the smaller, and we think the better, of two excellent works by the American artist, Mr. P. D. Millet, who until the first exhibition at this gallery was quite unknown in England. It is called "The Amanuensis," and represents the home of an author of the end of the last century. With his pipe in his hand and an expression of supreme satisfaction on his face, he seems lost in a pleasant reverie, and quite oblivious of the fact that his daughter is waiting patiently for the words that do not come. Nothing could well be more characteristic than the figure of the man, or more graceful and expressive than the gesture of the girl. The artist's second picture, "The Granddaughter," is also a domestic scene, the figures being a suffering girl reclining on a sofa, and a sympathetic old man who enters the room with a basket of provisions. Apart from their excellent expressive qualities both pictures have technical merit of a high order. They are painted in a sound, simple, and unaffected style, and they leave little to be desired as regards balance of light and shade, colour or keeping.

The artistic moderation that distinguishes these works is conspicuously absent from Mr. Walter Langley's picture of a garden on an eminence near the sea, with an old gardener lighting his pipe. This artist seems to have been fascinated by the works of the modern French Realistic School, and has adopted some of their worst vices of style. Beauty of composition and general harmony of effect have formed no part of his scheme. Every individual feature is painted with realistic force; but nothing can be said to have its right relative value. The picture is entitled "The Sunny South;" but the colour is not at all suggestive of bright sunshine. The cast shadows are sharply defined; but, instead of reflecting the deep blue of sky, as in nature they always do, they are of a uniform dark chocolate tint. Mr. Langley has shown on many occasions very great ability, and sometimes sound judgment. It may reasonably be hoped, accordingly, that the present development of his art is only the result of a temporary aberration. The influence of French Art is also very evident in Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's picture, with the inappropriate title, "A Home Scene and a Heart Study." It represents a lamp-lit drawing-room with many figures, the most prominent being a lady and a gentleman, who, with hands clasped, are seated on a sofa pretending to examine photographs. These are very true types of character; but there is no sincerity of expression in the face of either. The picture is forcibly painted, and bears evidence throughout of keen observation; but the difficulty of dealing with the conflicting lights from the various lamps has not been entirely overcome.

Mr. C. Napier Hemy shows unexpected skill in figure-painting on a rather large scale in "The Chart," representing the cabin of a yacht, with two men tracing their course, and a lady looking on. The figures—apparently portraits—are characteristic, and very solidly painted. The artist is, however, seen to greater advantage in his smaller picture of "The Custom House Quay, Falmouth." This strikes us as the very best thing he has produced—more restrained in style than his accustomed work—more subtle in its gradations of tone, and more true. None among the very young artists shows a more marked advance than Mr. T. B. Kennington, whose name till very recently was unknown to us. His picture of two wretched little children seated on a doorstep—"Poverty"—is strikingly true to nature, and most artistically treated, without exaggeration or false sentiment. The good drawing and modelling of the legs and feet are especially noteworthy. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Gone," on the opposite wall, fails to be pathetic by reason of its obscurity. It represents two weeping women in a barely-furnished cottage, but the cause of their grief is left entirely to the imagination of the spectator. Beside this hangs a pleasant and very truthful picture by Miss Jane Dealy—"A Dutch Bargain." The two quaintly-attired little girls disputing about their dolls on a wide river's bank are thoroughly childlike in expression, and, as well as the inanimate features of the scene, are painted with unobtrusive dexterity and strength. The picture is remarkable, moreover, for its

purity of tone and excellent keeping. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler, whom we have hitherto known only as a humorous painter, has a large picture of serious interest, entitled "A Prisoner of State." The hopeless expression of the feeble old man, supported by his daughter while walking on the roof of his prison, is well rendered; but the best part of the work is the subordinate group of sympathising warders. In a characteristic picture of modern Italian life, called "Seeking Counsel," by Mr. F. W. W. Topham, some women and girls are seen consulting a priest as to the contents of a letter. The prevailing colour of the work is too uniformly hot; but the figures are life-like in expression and gesture. The composition is good, and every part is finished with the artist's accustomed care.

Mr. W. Small has done nothing better in its way than the small picture, "Critics," hanging in the central gallery. The robust but graceful girl and the old woman who are critically examining the work of a lady sketching on the sea coast are strikingly true types of Irish character. The landscape background is of great beauty, and the different elements of the work are most harmoniously combined. Mr. Seymour Lucas has nothing of large size or strong dramatic interest; but his power of humorous expression and dexterous handling are shown in a small picture of a buff-coated trooper in animated conversation with a green parrot, entitled "Old Cronies." Mr. H. S. Marks has a half-length figure, "The Jolly Miller," and a smaller picture of an agricultural labourer, "Hodge," both excellent as studies of character, but not especially interesting. Mr. Hugh Carter's "A Relic of the Past"—two girls working at an old-fashioned loom in a garret—is remarkable among other good qualities for its truthful illumination and subdued harmony of colour. In his small "Blossoms from a Roman Garden," Mr. J. K. Weguelin has succeeded in bringing very brilliant local tints into harmony. The figure of the girl too, who, with a leopard's skin bound round her waist, holds a basket of flowers in her hands is very gracefully designed. Mr. Yeend King has infused a great deal of animation into his little picture of English peasants, "Driving a Bargain" in a small provincial market place. We have seen nothing by him so true in character, and at the same time so technically complete. It is satisfactory to find that Mr. G. Clausen no longer imitates Bastien Lepage, but draws his inspiration directly from nature. His "Little Haymakers" have youthful beauty and natural grace of movement. The gleam of sunshine on the cornfield behind them is strikingly true, and the colour throughout the picture of fine quality. Strikingly in contrast to the simple sincerity of this work is the superficial cleverness and entire unreality of Mr. Melton Fisher's "Three Maskers," with its meretricious colour and essential ugliness.



THE TURF.—The Manchester Meeting at the end of last week saw the conclusion of the flat-racing season, which may be said to have died hard, no less than 254 horses taking part in the several contests. The Thursday was a great day for favourites winning, no fewer than six races, with large fields, falling to them. But the Saturday told a different tale, and outsiders had it pretty well all their own way. The most terrible blow, however, to "the talent" and backers generally was the result of the November Handicap, which had been for a long time booked for Kilcreene, Thebais, or Florence. The last two fell more or less into disfavour, and their places were taken by Hungarian and Postscript, but at the start as little as 7 to 4 was taken about Kilcreene. The winner turned up in the little-thought-of Raffaello, who started at 50 to 1 in a field of a "baker's dozen." Postscript getting second, and Xema third. It is not improbable that the latter would have won had her training not been interfered with during the week before the race.—The cross-country season proper may be said to have commenced with the Croydon Meeting, on Tuesday last, when Fenelon won the Grand National Hurdle Race for the Duke of Hamilton, who seems to have a grand lot of jumpers in his stable. Red Hussar came in first for the Stewards' Steeplechase, but was disqualified for going the wrong course. On the Tuesday the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase was won by that good stayer Jolly Sir John, who beat four others. These "Grand," and "Great," and "International" affairs at Croydon seem now to have dwindled down into mere shadows of their former selves.—The Sandown Park Meeting will finish up the week. Though busy in electing Parnellites for the British Parliament, the Sister Isle, as usual, has not forgotten to send over a fair contingent of animals for these gatherings, which by the end of the week will probably have succeeded in securing their share of Saxon spoil.—Mr. Richard Johnson, after a long and honourable career as a handicapper, a clerk of the course, and a judge, has retired from active service with all the good wishes of racing-men. He was in the judge's box for the last time on Saturday last, at Manchester.—Lord Falmouth's, Mr. Vyner's, and Matthew Dawson's horses in training at Newmarket have been removed from the famous Heath House establishment, and are now under the charge of W. Matthews, trainer to the late Mr. I. Bate, but are still under the supervision of Matthew Dawson, who will shortly remove to Manor House, Exning.

COURSING.—Kempston Park has been the scene of some excellent sport, the arrangements for the "enclosed" work giving general satisfaction, as they invariably do. For the Cardinal Wolsey Stakes for 64 animals, Mr. Miller's Mullingar beat Mr. Hyde's Strathalbyn. Mr. Hyde, who so efficiently carries out the duties of secretary at Kempston, has, we are glad to see, been awarded a nomination for the Waterloo Cup.

FOOTBALL.—Innumerable first-class matches have recently been decided, including several ties in the Association Challenge Cup contest. The victories of Church over Blackburn Olympic, of Hurst over Bradshaw, and of Port Vale over the Druids, complete the second round of the competition.—In the third round of the London Association Cup, United London Scottish, Vulcans, Hendon, Ashburnham Rovers, Old St. Mark's, Pilgrims, and West End have proved victorious.—At Eton, on St. Andrew's Day, the time-honoured "game at the wall" was played between "Collegers" and "Oppidians," and ended in the success of the Collegers. In the "field" match afterwards between Oxford and Cambridge, the former was victorious by two goals to one goal and two "rouges."

AQUATICS.—Notwithstanding floods and most unpleasant weather the Trial Eights at Oxford and Cambridge have been hard at work. The material at both Universities is considered above the average, and, if all goes well, they should be able to send two first-class crews to Putney next spring.

LACROSSE.—In recent games the Southdown Club has beaten London; and the latter has beaten Hampstead.

HOCKEY.—At Cambridge Trinity College has been beaten by Molesey by ten goals to *nil*, the game showing that the University men had sticks far too small and light either for successful dribbling or back-play.

PEDESTRIANISM.—From America we learn that a Twenty-five Miles Walking Match has been won by J. W. Raby of this country, who beat J. Meagher and Pollock of the United States. Raby did 24 miles in 3 hours 41 min. and 10 sec., his opponents retiring.



SOME SPLENDID AUSTRALIAN FERNS have reached England from Victoria in fine condition. They will form a "Fern-tree Gully" at the coming Indian and Colonial Exhibition.

POPE LEO has been occupying his spare time in writing poetry, and has sent Prince Bismarck his latest volume of verse, entitled "Novissima Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Carmina."

THE NEW AMSTERDAM ART MUSEUM, lately opened with so much ceremony as a gorgeous home for the City Art Treasures, hitherto so badly housed, fails to give the satisfaction expected. Both the arrangements and the decorations greatly displease Dutch painters, and after various deputations to the Ministry numerous alterations are to be made and the gorgeous colours of the decorations toned down. Rembrandt's "Night Watch" and Van der Helst's "Arquebusers," the gems of the collection, have already been taken down for re-hanging.

THE JUBILEE ART EXHIBITION IN BERLIN next May is being most carefully prepared, and the programme is just issued. The Crown Princess takes special interest in the scheme, and is very anxious that English Art should be well represented. Painting, sculpture, architecture, decorative work, and all the graphic arts are to be included, and no artist must send more than two works of the same genre. A specially interesting feature will be the section illustrating the development of Art from the time of Frederick the Great—who founded exhibitions in Germany—to modern days.

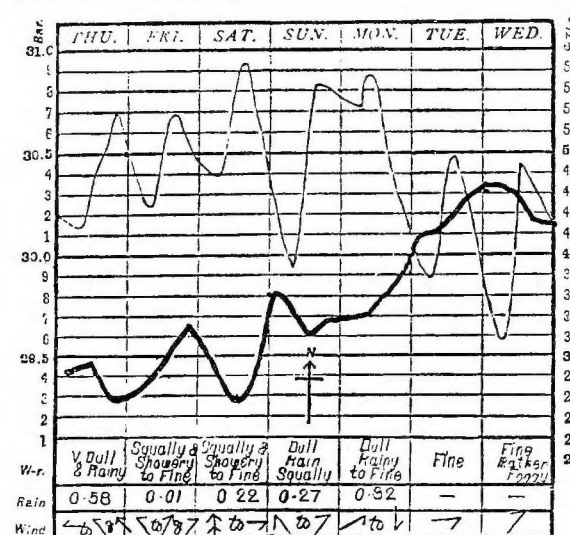
THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL HAVE TURNED UP IN THE NEW WORLD, according to the Albany *Sunday Press*. Some railway engineers surveying in the Tennessee mountains lately came upon a cave with a Hebrew inscription over the entrance. On exploring the interior, the cave was found to expand into a great amphitheatre, occupied by over 5,000 skeletons of warriors clad in brass armour, and reclining on their ponderous shields. Apparently they were the remains of men killed in battle and brought there for burial, while a mass of manuscript in a large brass box close by gave an account of their wanderings, identifying the skeletons with the missing Israelites.

THE PALACE WHERE KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN died last week, El Pardo, is a gloomy square building, adorned with numerous towers, and belonging to no particular period of architecture. It was originally a hunting-lodge of the Castilian Kings, and was enlarged by the Austrian Princes; while the interior is plainly furnished in last century style, the only valuable decorations being some quaint tapestries representing the life of Don Quixote. A huge oak forest surrounds the Palace, making the house damp and very unhealthy for the poor young King in his delicate condition. Only some 300 people, all connected with the Palace, live near, and El Pardo has no railway close by, but is an hour's drive from Madrid along a bad road.

THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST BURMESE WAR is curiously rendered in the chronicles of the Burmese Kings. These authorities declare that some sixty years ago white strangers from the West ventured to dispute with the Lord of the Golden Palace. They came in ships, capturing Rangoon and Prome; and, because the Lord of the Golden Palace, in his pious abhorrence of taking life, made no preparation to oppose them, they reached Yandaboo. By then, however, they had spent vast sums of treasure, and their resources were exhausted, leaving them in great distress. But the Burmese sovereign in answer to their prayers mercifully helped them, giving them money for their return, and only ordering them to leave the country. Why they did not comply with the gracious request, the veracious chronicler saith not.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1885.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been rough, unsettled, and rainy over nearly the whole country. These conditions have been produced by depressions travelling in a North-Easterly direction outside our extreme Western Coasts, or across the more Northern parts of our Islands. Thus, at the beginning of the period a deep disturbance moved along our extreme Western Coasts in a North-North-Easterly direction, and caused South-Easterly gales on our North-Western, Northern, and Eastern Coasts, and South-Westerly gales over the South of Ireland. Rain fell heavily generally. By Saturday (26th ult.) this depression had travelled away Northwards, and another had advanced from the South-Westward to the South of Scotland, which produced fresh or strong Southerly or South-Westerly gales over the Southern parts of Ireland and England, with rain over the greater part of the United Kingdom. This depression moved away to Scandinavia, but by Sunday morning (27th ult.) a new one had made its appearance off the West of Ireland with further rough winds on the Irish Coasts, and rain at nearly all but our Northern Stations. As this disturbance travelled away to the West of Norway the barometer rose over our Islands, and moderate gradients for Westerly winds became general, with a decided improvement in the weather. At the close of the week, however, the mercury had again begun to fall generally—most in the West and North-West. The wind consequently backed to the Southward or South-Westward in most places, and increased in force, over the Western and North-Western Coasts it blew a fresh to strong gale. The sky was overcast in the extreme West and North, with rain in the North-West of Ireland, but elsewhere weather was mostly fine or fair. Temperature has been above the average generally over the Southern portion of the United Kingdom, maximum readings of nearly 60° were registered between Saturday and Monday, but sharp ground frost occurred over the South of England at the close of the week.

The barometer was highest (30.36 inches) on Tuesday (1st inst.); lowest (29.28 inches) on Thursday and Saturday (26th and 28th ult.); range 1.08 inches. The temperature was highest (59°) on Saturday (26th ult.); lowest (32°) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); range 27°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount 1.40 inch. Greatest fall on any one day (0.53 inch) on Thursday (26th ult.)



FIRST PRISONERS OF WAR—BULGARIAN SOLDIERS BROUGHT UNDER GUARD INTO BELGRADE

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE SERBIANS



THE WAR IN BURMA has come to a speedy end, King Theebaw having surrendered his army and his capital unconditionally. The expedition had continued to advance up the river, with an occasional engagement, as far as Myingyan, eighty-five miles from Mandalay, where, on the 24th ult., the Burmese appeared in strong force, but were soon dispersed by the fire of the gunboats, and on a force being landed next morning the place was found to be evacuated. A garrison 500 strong was placed there. The news of this must have travelled quickly to the King's ears, as on November 26th the flotilla was met some thirty miles below Mandalay by a Royal barge with a flag of truce and a letter conceding all the points demanded by the British Government, and asking for a cessation of hostilities. General Prendergast at once replied by demanding the unconditional surrender of the King's person and of the palace and city of Mandalay, together with the disbandment of the Burmese army. He promised that, if these terms were accepted, Theebaw's life should be spared, and that he would take no further military action against Mandalay beyond occupying it with a British force. The Burmese Minister returned to Mandalay, and on the 27th the squadron advanced as far as Ava, where the river was found to have been blocked by a sunken steamer. The gunboats were about to open fire when the Burmese Envoys reappeared, and announced the surrender of the King and the unconditional acceptance of the British terms. The Ava forts were then given up, and the soldiers laid down their arms, declaring their satisfaction at not having to fight. Indeed, our advance has been everywhere welcomed by the Burmese as foreshadowing an emancipation from King Theebaw's insufferable tyranny and cruelty. On the 28th General Prendergast reached Mandalay, landed the troops, and surrounded the city and palace. The Chief Minister then tendered submission on behalf of the King, who next day himself surrendered to the British General. Theebaw, with his Queen and her mother, were at once placed on board the *Thoorah* steamer, and despatched to Rangoon, reaching Thayetmayo on Wednesday. The city was occupied in force, so as to preserve order, but no ill-feeling has been shown towards the British. Her Majesty has telegraphed her congratulations to the Viceroy, who has endorsed the Queen's appreciation of General Prendergast's conduct of the expedition. "He deserves," states Lord Dufferin, "the utmost credit for the skill, humanity, and decisive promptitude with which he has conducted the whole business." It is stated that the Viceroy will visit Upper Burma, to arrange the details of the Government.

BULGARIA has accepted the armistice proposed by the Powers, and negotiations for peace are accordingly being carried on with Serbia. Count Khevenhüller, the Austrian representative at Belgrade, had been charged with the task of intimating to Prince Alexander the wishes of the Powers, but before he could reach the Bulgarian headquarters the Prince had advanced further into Serbian territory, and, after a hard-fought battle on the 27th ult., had occupied Pirot. Count Khevenhüller does not appear to have found the Prince in a very malleable frame of mind, as he wanted to dictate his terms at Nisch, and the Count had to intimate very plainly that if he persisted in advancing he would have to face Austrian troops. Indeed, neither the Bulgarians nor the Serbians are peaceably inclined, and the latter are most aggressively bellicose, abusing Austria for having insisted upon the armistice, as they express their belief that despite their reverses they would have driven the Bulgarians out of Serbia had they been left to themselves. Thus, though an armistice was concluded for ten days dating from Monday, the Serbians are making the most strenuous efforts to reorganise and reinforce their army in readiness for the resumption of hostilities. General Leschjanin is still before Widdin, though the bombardment, of course, is suspended.

Meanwhile AUSTRIA, together with the other Powers, is doing her utmost to secure a peaceful settlement. It is stated that amongst Prince Alexander's terms of peace are a substantial guarantee for Bulgarian integrity, and a heavy pecuniary indemnity. The chances of the Bulgarian Union have been greatly improved by Prince Alexander's victories, and it is felt both in Austria and Russia that a *status quo* is now an impossibility. In Russia there is a revulsion of feeling with regard to the Bulgarians, with whom the St. Petersburg Government is now evidently anxious to renew friendly relations. Thus the Czar is stated to be willing to receive Prince Alexander back into favour, while in an Official Note he declares that "the valour, self-sacrifice, endurance, and discipline displayed by the troops of Bulgaria and Roumelia are worthy of the highest praise," but at the same time proclaims his Imperial thanks to the Russian officers who were commissioned to "form, educate, and train" the Bulgarian and Eastern Roumelian forces, and whose "sensible and self-denying activity" had "successfully inspired these young troops with the necessary military qualities and valiant military spirit." Attention is thus drawn to the fact that Bulgaria, trained and protected by Russia, has vanquished Serbia tutored by Austria. The Russian journals just now are particularly bitter against Austria for having allowed, or inspired, Serbia to go to war, and declare their belief that the armistice has been concluded merely to give breathing time to King Milan. Austria, it is pointed out, put no veto upon the aggressive policy of Serbia, but has been prompt enough to stop the victorious advance of the Bulgarians.

At CONSTANTINOPLE there have been further sittings of the Conference, but the divergence of opinion between the Russian and British delegates has not permitted its members to conclude their labours. The Porte, however, in accordance with their decision last week, has sent two Assistant Commissioners, Lebibi and Gadban Elendis, to Philippopolis, and their advent was announced to the Prefect of the town by the Russian, Austrian, and Italian representatives. The Prefect declared that he could take no official cognisance of their arrival, having received no instructions from his Government, and complained that Bulgaria having been victorious Austria and Russia now sought to impose their will upon her by unfair means. The Commissioners bear with them a proclamation from the Sultan announcing the decision of the Conference to restore the *status quo*, and declaring a general amnesty. In Macedonia all at present is quiet, but the Turks are taking all possible precautions in the event of Greece taking action. It is generally thought, however, that the Powers will avert any hostile action by suggesting that if the Bulgarian Union is allowed to become an accomplished fact, some territorial compensation should be awarded to Greece.

SPAIN has been paying her last homage to the remains of her young King. On Friday last week the body was removed from El Pardo, where Alfonso died, to the Palace at Madrid, where it was placed in the Hall of Columns, where, seven years previously, his young Queen Mercedes had lain in state. The body was dressed in the uniform of a Captain-General, the hands crossed over the breast, and holding a silver crucifix. By the side of the coffin was laid the sceptre and crown. The lying in state lasted until Sunday, when the funeral took place, the coffin being taken to the Northern Railway Station, whence it was conveyed to the Escorial by train—and after passing through the grand door, which has not been opened since the funeral of the late King's grandfather, Ferdinand VII.—was

placed in the Royal vault, a few paces from his first wife, Mercedes. The public Requiem Mass will be celebrated in the Church of San Isidor on Dec. 10th. At present the country is perfectly quiet, and the most stringent military precautions have been taken to prevent any disturbance, but Señor Zorilla is stated to have left France for Spain, and it is known that the Republicans are awaiting a favourable opportunity to rise. As for Don Carlos, he has made no sign of action, and has declared that he meditates nothing against the Queen Regent and her infant charge, but that if there is a Republican rising he will intervene in the interests of Monarchy. Meantime Señors Sagasta and Moret have formed a Cabinet, and look forward with confidence to the future. The Queen Regent has received the most marked and touching assurances of sympathy from all the Crowned Heads of Europe, including our own Queen and Emperor William. The Cortes will assemble on December 27th for a short Session, after which it will be dissolved, and the General Election take place next autumn. Marshal Serrano died on Thursday last week, the day after the King, whom he had served so well, had passed away.

GERMANY has been startled by a remarkable message to the Reichstag from the Emperor. There has been a great deal of tacit indignation at the high-handed action of Prussia in expelling Polish residents from her eastern provinces, and on Tuesday an interpellation was addressed to Prince Bismarck on the subject. The Chancellor at once rose and read an Imperial message, stating that the German Reichstag had no control over the rights of the reigning Sovereigns of the Empire as established by the Treaties of the Bund, and pronouncing the interpellation to be in contradiction with German Constitutional law. Prince Bismarck accordingly refused to answer the interpellation, but admitted that he would reply to any question addressed to him in the Prussian Diet. Dr. Windthorst, leader of the Centre, and an earnest Ultramontane, however, was by no means satisfied with this, and continued to refer to the subject when speaking about the Budget, until at last Prince Bismarck, followed by the whole of the Federal Council, walked out of the House. Another sharp discussion, in which the Prince did take part, has been the prohibition of Jesuit missionaries from working in the German colonies, the Prince giving as his reason that the Jesuits had severed all national ties. Moreover those on the West Coast of Africa, about whom the question had been raised being naturalised French subjects might, in view of the French hostility to Germany, prove serious elements of disturbance. The French, he declared, would probably not admit English and German missionaries into their territories. German Roman Catholic missionaries would be permitted to carry on their work, but not the Jesuits, who cause "disturbances wherever they go."

In FRANCE political interest has centred itself upon the Tonkin problem, and the Parliamentary Committee has been busily taking evidence on the matter. The chief evidence given has been that of General Brière de l'Isle, the ex-Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the East. He takes a very optimistic view of the situation, and describes the pacification of the country as merely a "question of police." He severely blames Colonel Herbingier, at whose door he lays the loss of Langson, and whom he declares to be a drunkard. He believes that some 6,000 French troops supported by 15,000 native soldiers would suffice to keep order, when the pacification was complete. There is a manifest reaction in the public mind in favour of retaining Tonkin, though the original expedition is held to have been a grave error. The French loss has been very severe, and the *Avenir Militaire* calculates that from June to October about 6,000 men and 95 officers were lost to the country either by death or by sickness which ruined them for life. The only other topic of interest has been the result of the English elections, and all papers join in congratulating the Conservatives on their borough successes, and in attributing Mr. Gladstone's defeat to his vague and shifty foreign policy. In Paris M. Massenet has successfully produced his new opera, *The Cid*. The libretto is, of course, based upon Corneille's famous play, which has afforded the composer ample scope for his musical genius. The work has been magnificently mounted, and was enthusiastically received.

In INDIA the Viceroy has announced, at a grand durbar at Gwalior, that the Government is about to restore the much-desired fortress of Gwalior and the cantonment of Morar to the Maharajah Scindia on payment of fifteen lakhs of rupees (£150,000), which is the sum the British have spent upon the fortifications. Scindia will be allowed to increase his army by 3,000 men, but will restore Jhansi to the British Government. A revolution has broken out in Nepal: the Prime Minister, Sir Rannodip Singh, who had excited the jealousy of the Sardars, has been murdered, and a new Cabinet has been formed under Sir Shumsheere Jung, who has received an English education at Calcutta, and is well disposed towards the British Government.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the UNITED STATES have been mourning the death of their Vice-President, Mr. Hendricks. The funeral took place at Indianapolis on Tuesday, but President Cleveland did not attend, having been dissuaded from incurring any unnecessary risk in the present critical condition of affairs. In EGYPT the Arabs are now making various demonstrations on the left bank of the Nile near Koshay, and some skirmishing has taken place.



THE various members of the Royal Family are visiting the Queen in turn at Windsor. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children having left the Castle for Bagshot, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived on Saturday evening. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. Dr. Warre preached, and later the Queen and the Duchess of Edinburgh visited Princess Christian, while on Monday the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Henry of Battenberg went out shooting. In the evening Her Majesty gave a dinner-party, when Sir A. and Lady Paget, the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, Lady Biddulph, Sir H. Ponsonby, and Commander Le Strange, R.N., were the chief guests, and Herr E. Pauer and his son Herr Max Pauer played before the Royal circle after dinner. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left on Tuesday. Next day the Queen held an investiture of various orders of Knighthood. The Court is in mourning until the 19th inst. for the King of Spain. The Prince and Princess of Wales are entertaining fresh visitors at Sandringham. The Prince concluded his Birmingham visit on Saturday, when he visited the Cattle Show, inaugurated the New Municipal Art Gallery, and lunched with the Mayor before leaving for town. On Monday he joined the Princess and daughters at Sandringham, being followed by Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Cambridge, while a number of guests came later. Tuesday being the Princess's forty-first birthday was celebrated in the usual manner both in Windsor, London, and King's Lynn, while at Sandringham the women and children on the estate had their usual tea, being visited by the Prince and Princess and family during the meal.—The Prince and Princess of Wales will open the Mersey Railway Tunnel early in January.



AN IMPORTANT AND SIGNIFICANT ADDRESS to the Archbishops and Prelates of the Provinces of Canterbury and York on the desirability of Church Reform has been signed by a number of prominent resident members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge. They indicate, among abuses which call for correction, those connected with the sale of patronage, and excessive inequalities or anomalies in the distribution of Church revenues. But the reform which they believe to be most urgently needed, and certain to find a universal welcome, is a more complete development of the constitution of the Church, and especially the admission of laymen of all classes, who are *bona fide* Churchmen, to a substantial share in the control of Church affairs. Among the signatories of this address are nine heads of houses, all of them, with a single exception, D.D.'s; while one of them is Vice-Chancellor of the University; another, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity; and no fewer than twenty-four of them Professors, including the Regius, the Hulsean, and the Norrisian Professors of Divinity, the Regius Professor of Hebrew, and the Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History.

AS PRESIDENT FOR THE YEAR OF THE BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND INSTITUTE, the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered an interesting inaugural address, the subject of which was "Municipalities." Speaking at a philanthropic meeting at Birmingham on Tuesday, the Primate said that there had been throughout the country a very important, and, in some measure, unexpected demonstration of attachment to the Church—a feeling which he hoped would continue.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED of a well-known London clergyman, the Rev. B. Webb, who, ordained Deacon in 1842, has been Vicar of St. Andrew's, Well Street, since 1852, and a Prebendary of St. Paul's since 1862. Mr. Webb was a High Churchman and an indefatigable parish priest. He enjoyed the friendship of Lord Salisbury and of Mr. Beresford Hope, who co-operated with him in founding the Cambridge Camden Society. He was for many years editor of the *Ecclesiologist*, and is understood to have contributed to the *Saturday Review* papers on theological and ecclesiastical subjects. He was the author of "Sketches of Continental Ecclesiology," one of the editors of the Burntisland reprint of the Sarum Missal, and, with Mr. J. M. Neale, translated the work of Durandus on "The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR is returning home, and on Thursday, at the invitation of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, was to confide to a New York audience his "Farewell Thoughts on America."



"EUMENIDES."—The music composed by Mr. Villiers Stanford, to accompany the performance of the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus at Cambridge, on Tuesday, can be only briefly dealt with. It may, however, be said at once that it is admirably adapted for stage performance, and will doubtless lose much of its effect apart from the theatre. The choruses, by far the most important numbers of the musical work, are chiefly written in two-part harmony, but the captivating nature of the melodies prevents any feeling of monotony. Great use is made of the "leitmotif" expedient, the employment of which in a Greek play is undeniably effective. At the Crystal Palace two Greek plays have already been produced, the music respectively by Mendelssohn and Mr. Gadsby. The series might advantageously be continued with *Eumenides*, when Mr. Villiers Stanford's music might be heard under adequate conditions.

NOVELLO'S CHOIR.—On Tuesday night Messrs. Novello's choir gave an excellent performance of M. Gounod's latest sacred work, *Mors et Vita*. It will be recollected that the greater part of M. Gounod's latest sacred work is devoted to an elaborate setting of the Catholic Requiem. To compare this, as music, with the *Requiem* of the great masters, would be absurd. Indeed the Roman Catholic propaganda through the medium of M. Gounod's music may be said to have failed. Foreigners attribute our love of oratorio to the deeply-rooted religious sympathies of our nation. But the tedium of latter-day Gounod is a thing apart. Not even the splendid performance on Tuesday under Mr. Mackenzie by the Novello orchestra and choir, and the celebrity of such a cast of artists as Madames Albani and Trebelli, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley (all but one Roman Catholics by religion) could prevent the steady exodus which set in after the first two hours. An effort is, we learn, to be made at Brighton to cut off excrescences, and elsewhere to perform the trilogy in English dress. This at any rate will make it a little more interesting to the general public.

A HARP CONCERTO.—The music for this favourite drawing-room instrument is so extremely limited that amateurs, and particularly lady performers, will thank Mr. Manns for introducing at the Crystal Palace Concert, on Saturday, a hitherto unfamiliar but most acceptable harp concerto by Handel. The concerto has little or nothing in common with the dry-as-dust school. The melody of the first *allegro* is almost suitable for a popular song, the slow movement is a tuneful *larghetto*, and the *finale* is as joyous as a *finale* of Haydn. During Handel's lifetime the concerto was performed with the composer's full sanction by the then famous harpist, Powell, nephew of the oft-disputed "Harmonious Blacksmith," whose grave is still to be seen in Stanmore churchyard. The original manuscript is in Her Majesty's library at Buckingham Palace. Mr. Lockwood admirably played the concerto, which is a perfect little gem of melody and symmetry.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's vocal recitals are a pleasant change from the stereotyped forms of British ballads and operatic ditties. At their recital on Tuesday afternoon, for instance, the gifted couple introduced a mixed programme, which included a Handelian duet, songs by Beethoven and Schubert (who alone wrote over 600 *lieder*), by the French masters Nicolo, Boieldieu, Thomas, and Gounod, and the more modern Germans from Mendelssohn to Liszt.—On Saturday and Monday "St. Andrew's Day" brought its usual specimens of Scottish minstrelsy. The Glasgow Select Choir, now ably conducted by Mr. Millar Craig, have taught the Southrons that Highland music is not exclusively represented by the bagpipe—an instrument, by the way, known to the Greeks and Romans, mentioned by Chaucer as an instrument commonly played in England, and not introduced to Scotland till three centuries ago. Scottish songs, with the true Northern accent, sung from Scottish lips, have a beauty all their own, and the rest of the audience could well pardon the excitement of the London Scotsmen at the St. James's Hall concert on Saturday. Scottish concerts were also given by Mr. Carter's Choir at the Albert Hall, and by Mr. Michael Watson's Choir.—On Saturday Mr. S. M. Reeves

gave another crowded concert at the Albert Palace. The great tenor sang "The Requital" and "The Death of Nelson."—At the Popular Concerts Signor Bottesini has reappeared, and Miss Fanny Davies and M. de Pachmann have played. Next week—*mirabile dictu*—there is to be a novelty in the programme.—Concerts have also been given by Miss Edith Brandon, the Finsbury Choral Association (*Judas Macabehus*); Mr. S. G. Pratt, Mr. Tobias Matthay, and others.—At Wednesday's Ballad Concert, the two new songs produced, respectively by Hlopé Temple and Coenen, did not rise above a fair average. The programme altogether was of a rather dismal character, and it was refreshing when at length Mr. Santley sang the humorous Scotch ditty, "M hm !"

THE LONDON CHORAL UNION held its inaugural meeting and musical evening at the Burlington Hall, Savile Row, last Monday evening. The object of the promoters of the new society is to form a choir of from seventy to eighty good voices to study and produce publicly those smaller works of the classic and other composers which are almost unknown in England, and which are necessarily neglected by the large choirs of Mr. Barnby and others. Mr. Gustav Ernest, a young German composer and pianist, has been appointed musical director. Mr. George Ernest is the hon. secretary, and to him, at the Burlington Hall, all those wishing to join the choir should apply.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is reported that Mr. Mapleson contemplates a season of Italian Opera at cheap prices next summer. But no details have yet been settled.—The well-known song composer, Miss Elizabeth Philp, died last week after a long illness, and was buried on Monday. She was born at Falmouth, and was a pupil of Garcia, Madame Marchesi, and Ferdinand Hiller. Her vocal compositions number over one hundred.—The performing and other copyrights in Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* expired on Friday last, forty-two years after the first performance of the still popular opera.—M. Massenet's new opera, *Le Cid*, was produced in Paris on Monday. The libretto is founded on the Spanish story, by Guillen de Castro y Belvis, from which Corneille borrowed the plot of his famous tragedy.—The Lord Mayor will on Monday next lay the foundation stone of the new Surrey Conservatoire of Music.—M. Carl Rosa, on Tuesday, signed the contract for an English Opera season at Drury Lane in the height of the summer. Mr. Mackenzie will personally conduct his new opera, which is set to a libretto by Mr. F. Hueffer on the subject of *Guillaume de Cabestan*. M. Goossens will probably conduct Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*. The report that Madame Albani will be a member of the company is without foundation.—Dr. von Bülow has resigned the post of conductor of the Meiningen orchestra.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VI.

EVIDENTLY the good old times form a more attractive field for writers than prosaic modern days, for many of the most interesting tales hark back to bygone ages. Take, for example, Emma Leslie's "Gytina's Message" (Blackie), which cleverly portrays early Saxon life in England just before the Conquest, or the graphic, though gloomy, picture of the Scotch Covenanters' sufferings drawn by Annie Swan in "Adam Hepburn's Vow" (Cassell). Then the French Revolution furnishes material for Mrs. Austen's pretty story, "Marie's Home" (Blackie), while all the foregoing trials and miseries pale utterly before the thrilling horrors of witch persecution retailed by the Hon. Mrs. Greene in "Bound by a Spell" (Cassell). If a little long-winded and romantic, this narrative of superstition in Canton Grisons is powerfully and picturesquely told. A midler spirit breathes through another group of girlish novelettes. Miss Doudney has reprinted and enlarged a graceful history of mistaken youthful friendship, "Prudence Winterburn" (Hodder and Stoughton), while the errors of girlish judgment meet with a graver punishment in "Her Saddest Blessing," by Jennie Chappell (Partridge), which with the best intentions is rather too "goody" in tone. Various moral lessons are prosily taught by the short stories of "By a Hair's Breadth" (Partridge), and warnings against covetousness are the bent of "Daisy of Old Meadow" (Nisbet), by A. Giberne. Perhaps younger maidens will sympathise with the chequered girlhood which Madame Linda Villari describes in "When I Was a Child" (Fisher Unwin)—not with her usual success in writing. The heroine is a somewhat unloveable damsel, who insists on seeing the disagreeable side of people. The smudgy illustrations might be improved.

Yet another old English picture—and an amusing one to boot—is painted by M. C. Rowsell in "The Pedlar and His Dog" (Blackie). Here we meet with Chief Justice Coke as a lad, while the Pedlar himself is a diverting old soul, who enjoys queer experiences in London town. Mr. G. Cruikshank contributes two effective illustrations.—Sea breezes blow fresh in our two succeeding volumes. Abroad, Mr. J. C. Hutcheson presents his readers with a brisk modern pirate affair and a Malagasy shipwreck, in "The Penang Pirate" (Blackie); while at home, Mr. G. Manville Fenn has ready two more vivacious Cornish adventures, in "A Terrible Coward" (Blackie). As in his Cornish tale of last year, Mr. Fenn draws with thorough gusto the varying sea and the unpolished fishers.—There is more originality, however, in the author's "Brownsmith's Boy" (Blackie). Avoiding the ordinary lines of sensational adventure or school life, Mr. Fenn describes the education of a persevering orphan as a market gardener, and strikingly illustrates how prosaic material can be worked into an attractive and even exciting story. His character-sketches of the rough lad, Shock, and the crusty old Brownsmiths are excellent.

The dramatic instinct of the present generation is nowhere more visible than in the general eagerness to borrow the player's mantle. Look at the great popularity of amateur theatricals—and especially of late—of elaborate tableaux, such as the beautiful "Tale of Troy" and the glowing living pictures presented at the Artists' Ball last May. This prevailing taste has suggested the handsome work edited by Mr. Charles Alias, "Scenes from Shakespeare for the Young" (Alfred Hays) which, as Mr. E. L. Blanchard points out in his brief introduction, is especially designed to "give a definite value to the efforts of those who seek in dramatic tableaux the readiest means of providing an agreeable and interesting amusement." In these artistic drawings of sixteen episodes from Shakespeare's most familiar plays, Mr. Sidney has done his work in a thoughtful and poetic vein, presenting his personages in youthful guise to attract young people. He is happiest in the lighter scenes, notably that from *The Winter's Tale*—perhaps the best in the collection—for the more tragic groups, such as *Romeo and Juliet* or *Macbeth*, are a trifle stiff.

Old and new ideas of art and literature for children are curiously contrasted when we place Messrs. Griffith and Farran's reproduction of an old popular favourite, "The Daisy," by the side of Mr. W. Crane's "Slate and Pencilvania" (Marcus Ward). It is just eighty years since Elizabeth Turner wrote the short moral poems of "The Daisy," to be illustrated by Samuel Williams—the artist of many famous books in the early part of this century. This present quaint edition will show modern children how very commonplace was the amusement provided for their forefathers compared with the fun and charming colouring of Mr. Crane's picture-book, which is most ingeniously conceived and carried out.—So, too, is the pretty black-and-white "Fairland A B C" (Clarke), wherein E. A. Mason utilises nursery celebrities to teach small people their alphabet.—A melancholy interest attaches to the six collections of verse and picture, "Poems of Child Life and Country Life" (Society for

Promoting Christian Knowledge), for here the regretted Mrs. Ewing has wedded pleasing rhymes to fascinating pictures by André. And the writer's loss is again recalled on reading afresh her "Lob Lie by the Fire" (same publisher), now illustrated by Mr. Caldecott. As usual, the artist presents some delightful old-fashioned village folk, and though the subject gives little scope for his accustomed humour, there is many a touch of fun where opportunity serves.—Again, pictures are the chief attraction of "The Little Doings of Some Little Folk" (Cassell), strung together with a story by "Chatty Cheerful."

NOVEMBER SHOOTING STARS

METEORS are by far the most insignificant of visible heavenly bodies, and yet they attract far more attention than the greatest of the stars. Comets are not generally supposed to be weighty bodies, but in comparison to shooting stars they are massive worlds. It has been calculated that the average weight of many of the shooting stars is not over two grains, and their average period of brightness is certainly not more than two seconds. Yet these minute short-lived streaks of light have an interest attaching to them in some respects greater than that belonging to Arcturus or to Sirius. It has long been known that shooting stars are periodic in their appearance; but the reason of their periodicity is only of recent discovery. Only twenty years ago, it was not even suspected that an intimate connection existed between comets and shooting stars; but now the fact of such a relation is placed beyond a doubt; and we know that meteors follow in the track of comets, just as a trail of steam is seen for a moment after the passage of a locomotive engine. Shooting stars have neither light nor heat in themselves. The brilliant flash which appears for a moment, as they rush along, destroys them, and dissipates them into vapour. When meteoric stones have fallen to the earth, it is found that their composition suggests that they, like all other bodies within the solar system once formed part of the substance of the sun, and they must have started upon their course in much the same manner as the planets and the comets commenced their independent existence. Grouping themselves behind the train of a comet, they rush along with it, effectually concealed from all chance of observation by their exceeding minuteness; and it is only when they enter the atmosphere of the earth that they have a chance of becoming visible for a moment.

Up to the point when they first come into contact with the atmosphere, they are dull and cold little particles of matter; but as they approach the earth, their rate of travelling is greatly accelerated by the earth's attraction; and they rush into our atmosphere at a rate which is sometimes equal to thirty miles a second. But the density of the atmosphere acts as a break upon their speed, and heat is rapidly generated, on the same principle as that which causes a cannon ball to be heated when it strikes the target, and the heat quickly uses up the substance of the meteor; so that, for a moment seen, it is gone for ever, yet by its brief transit through our atmosphere it raises some questions of special interest; it lets us see how almost infinite in number are the bodies which circle round our sun. When the astronomer enumerates the visible planets and the few comets whose period is known, he has only noted down a very few of the bodies controlled by the sun.

There are some fifty-six groups of meteors which pass through our atmosphere at various periods; and when we remember how very limited is the course marked out by the earth in her orbit round the sun, it is obvious that there must be almost countless meteorites floating in space which never have a chance to be seen by us because the earth never comes near their track.

Again, the meteor streams which visit us periodically in August and in November are connected with very small comets, and the most recent of those meteor streams, that which was seen to such advantage on November 27th, is certainly intimately related to the vanished Biela's comet, which even when it was at its best was a most magnificent tailless body. Judging by analogy, therefore, the meteor streams in the train of such magnificent comets as Donati's in 1858, or the more recent comet of 1882, must be very splendid. But there is reason to believe that it is just the splendour of this meteor train that wears the comet itself out.

There can be no question that the recorded appearances of comets in ancient history represent them to be much more splendid when they were at their greatest brightness than any we see now; and even comets such as Halley's, which have repeatedly appeared within modern times, seem to degenerate in appearance steadily with each successive approach to the sun. The inference seems to be, that they waste their substance by giving off these meteor-streams.

These meteors once detached from the parent body, and relieved so far from the influence of its attraction, lag behind, and begin to diffuse themselves throughout space, till they are caught up by the force of gravitation from the earth or some other planet, and appear in the atmosphere with shining trains for a moment, before vanishing for ever.

The days are long gone past when the appearance of a comet or a flight of meteors was supposed to herald impending calamities or change of Governments, else the coincidence between the meteor shower of November 27th and the General Election would not pass without notice. But though no political changes may be foreshadowed by the meteor flight, there are many who cannot divest themselves of a belief that the shooting stars have something to do with change of weather. However, even this belief must be discarded, if the results of observation can be relied upon. No connection, even the most remote, can be traced between the shooting stars and the varying aspect of the weather. They do not raise the wind, nor do they make it calm; rain does not necessarily follow them, neither does fair weather. Of what possible use they can be in the solar system it is not for us to tell. But, at the very least, as a fallen leaf can tell us of the structure of the tree which bore it, so these poor little waifs have a story to tell concerning the sun from which they once emerged, and concerning the universality of the laws of matter which govern the flight of the smallest meteor, as surely as they bind together the mightiest of the star clusters.



I.

THE *Fortnightly* is this month a very good number. The opening article on "The Coming Contests of the World," presumably from Mr. Escott's pen, shows a clear appreciation of the problems of home and foreign affairs, which will demand solution in a near future. He is emphatic in asserting the necessity for England of maintaining her position "as the leading representative of the Anglo-Saxon races in their Asiatic development."—Lady Dilke contributes a brightly-written historical sketch of "France under Richelieu."—Mr. Anstruther White is very severe in his strictures on his countrymen in "Moral and Merry England." His censure is sufficiently related to fact to disturb in some measure our self-complacency.—Mr. F. H. Bradley on the "Evidences of Spiritualism" is original and telling in his criticism, denying *in toto* the possibility of any good coming from attempts to hold communication with the "spirit" to be met with at *séances*.

Professor Huxley has come effectively to the support of Dr. Réville against Mr. Gladstone, in "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature," in the *Nineteenth Century*. He denies that the order of creation, as laid down in the Mosaic record, corresponds with the conclusions arrived at by those best versed in geological science. His paper is characterised by great keenness of wit and brilliancy in style.—Professor Seeley prints here his Saltaire Presidential Address, entitled "Our Insular Ignorance." Our seclusion from the Continent, he is inclined to believe, has a tendency to develop our bad qualities as a nation. Our patriotism, he fancies, is becoming a vanishing quantity. Our isolated position renders us liable to a peculiar blindness, and we fancy that we are alone in the world. His lecture is well worth careful perusal.—"A Strategical View of Turkey," by Hobart Pasha, is a comprehensive sketch of the situation in the Balkan Peninsula and in Asiatic Turkey. He urges the importance to England and Turkey of the immediate construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway. He points out clearly, too, in what the strength of the Turkish defences of the Sea of Marmora consist.

Blackwood contains a warmly-written descriptive paper of the personality of "Helen Faucit," Lady Martin. Guizot, on seeing this accomplished lady after her appearance in the rôle of Lady Macbeth at Paris, exclaimed, in surprise, "Mais, c'est une enfant! C'est une enfant!"—"Reminiscences of an Attaché" continue to be as lively and entertaining as ever.—The magazine concludes with two articles in its ordinary style of political controversy on Depression of Trade and Disestablishment.

Mr. Andrew Lang's "Poetry and Politics," in *Macmillan's*, is a sharp and cleverly-conceived criticism of Mr. Courthope's reprinted essays on "The Liberal Movement in English Literature." Mr. Lang is a romanticist, and he declares, "I hope that if our innumerable lyric measures are to be deserted, it may be after my time."—There is also an amusingly-written paper, "A Walk in the Færoes," where the ordinary reader is taken pleasantly over the comparatively untrodden ground of those northern islands.

Temple Bar gives us this month three of its familiar biographical papers. One deals with Auber, a second with the Rev. John Russell, and a third with Hawthorne. These are all well done, but else there is little to notice, unless it be some pretty and musical verse, "A Dream of Venice," by Mr. George Forester.

Mr. Edmund Noble draws a vivid picture in the *Atlantic Monthly* of "Life in St. Petersburg." He has evidently watched the street-life of the Nevsky Prospect closely, and with excellent result.—Mr. Horace E. Scudder is worth reading in his "Childhood in Modern Literature and Art." He comments sensibly on the conception of children presented us by our great poets and others in their works of recent years.

Cornhill has an article on the "New Star in Andromeda," which explains for the outside world the construction put by astronomers on the striking stellar phenomenon working itself out in the region of Cassiopeia's Chair.—"Rusticus in Urbe" is a narrative of the impression produced on a little group of agricultural labourers by a first visit to the sights of London. The writer is kindly and discriminating in his observation.—"Dolly's Dream" is a good short story of watchful love, of the supernatural, and of foiled moonlighters.

Hibernia is full of political literature this month, and breathes a strong Nationalist spirit. Most generally interesting will perhaps be found Mr. George F. Abraham's article on "Anti-Parnellism, Viewed from Various Standpoints." This gentleman classifies the forces which, in the capital city of Ireland, are arrayed on the side of loyalism. They are of considerable strength, he admits, and if an Irish Parliament sitting on College Green is not to be paralysed by obstruction, some *modus vivendi* must be found for the bitterly opposed factions.—Mr. Robert O'Donoghue discusses "The Coming Irish Legislature," and it is sufficiently evident from the tone of the contributors that the hopes of Celtic patriots are just now dangerously high.

The *Sporting Mirror* provides its clients with two capital portraits and biographies of Lord Carington, the new Governor of New South Wales, and of Lord Charles Beresford.—Mr. J. R. Roberts tells a quaint history of a somewhat coarse-minded sportsman under the title of "My Friend, the Master."



THE SEASON.—September and October gave us six inches of rainfall, and now that November has added a further heavy down-pour, we begin to hear of rather serious floods. The land, moreover, is so heavy in nearly all the counties that to get on it for farm work is exceedingly laborious. The lifting of roots takes a long time, and the horses have tremendous work in pulling the carts, besides which the soft ground is terribly cut up, and deep ruts make the country lanes dangerous. The local authorities are busy putting down stones to make the roads bind better, but this is about all that can be done. Threshings go on in a bad, damp air, and the poor condition of market deliveries keeps English corn from rising in price, besides which the demand for bread is small by reason of the mildness of the season. The warm air has led to early primroses showing in some southern woods, and keeps the chrysanthemums well in bloom in the garden, also the Christmas roses are coming out. Weeds, however, are thriving apace, and much clearing will be required later on.

ENSILAGE COMPETITION.—For the second year's Exhibition at Smithfield 246 entries have been made. Of meadow-grass there are 80 entries, clover (red, white, or alsike) 13, rye grass 6, trifolium 15, grain-crops 17, maize 9, tares 21, and other substances not included in the above classes, 47. In all classes the specimens may be either chaffed or unchaffed, and there will be a champion prize for the best specimen in the whole show. There is also a special class for the best sample of meadow-grass ensilage unchaffed.

KENT.—We are glad to learn that the local authorities at Gravesend have ordered the slaughter of the remaining portion of the large herd of dairy cattle wherein pleuro-pneumonia appeared in the course of August last. The herd, which then numbered eighty animals, had gradually dwindled down to about one half before it was decided to put an end to the infection by slaughter.

SWINE FEVER is happily diminishing. A little while ago the number of swine attacked each week was nearer two thousand than one. Now the number has fallen to 559. The amount of disease is now well within practical control, and the Privy Council have accordingly ordered that the local authorities should enforce compulsory slaughter of all swine infected with fever, and all which have been in contact with infected animals. The slaughter is to be carried out in the course of the month of December.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—During the past season the convolvulus hawk moth, usually a decided rarity, has been caught in a number of localities, including Norfolk, Kent, Sussex, Devonshire, and Cornwall.—The Edusa butterfly has also been more frequent than usual this year, but the paler variety, *Hyale*, has been very rare. We hear of two or three captures of the beautiful dark



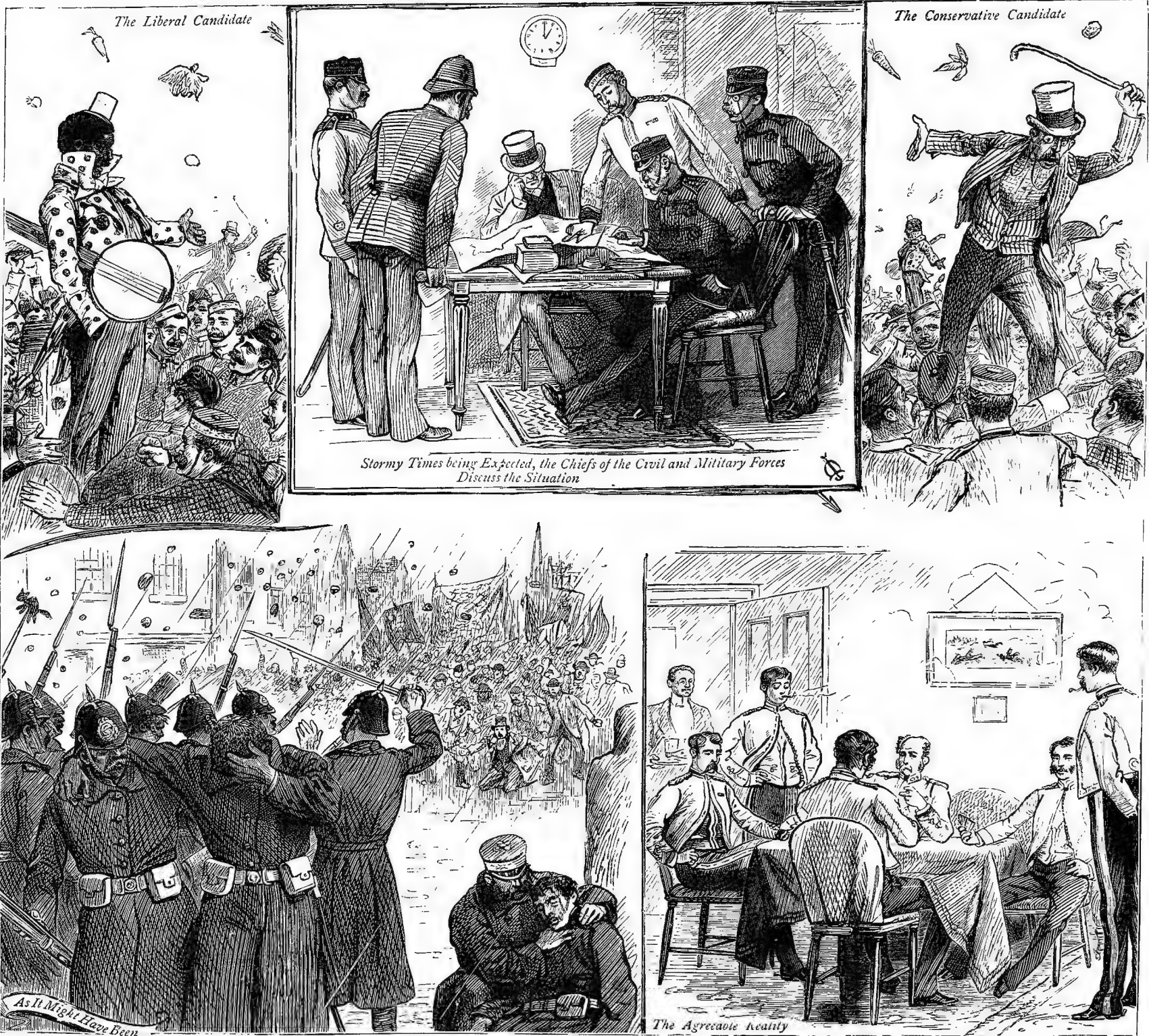
HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT MÜNSTER
Late German Ambassador at London, now German Ambassador
at Paris



THE VENERABLE HENRY JOHNSON
Archdeacon of the Upper Niger



GHAZI AHMED MOUKHTAR PASHA
Turkish High Commissioner for Egypt



A GENERAL ELECTION FROM A SOLDIER'S POINT OF VIEW
FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER

ALFONSO XII.

ALFONSO XII. of Spain, or to enumerate his full names, Alfonso, Francisco d'Assisi, Ferdinando, Pio, Juan, Maria de la Concepcion, Gregorio, was born on November 28th, 1857. He was the only son of Queen Isabella II. and her husband Don Francis d'Assisi. When young Alfonso, then Prince of the Asturias, was only ten years old, his mother was driven from the throne by the Revolution of 1868, and for a time he remained with her in Paris. In 1870, however, he was sent to Vienna to study at the Theresianum, and two years later came over to England to complete his education at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. There he earned the good opinion both of his superiors and his colleagues, being universally popular. At the close of 1874 he went over to Paris to spend Christmas with his mother, but graver things were in store for him than a round of Yuletide festivities. During the period of his exile Spain had tried the unsuccessful experiment of a foreign ruler, King Amadeo, and, having sent him back to Italy, had relapsed into a hopeless condition of anarchy. In the South a Federalist Revolution declared itself at Carthagena, while the North was ravaged by the troops of Don Carlos. In Madrid General Pavia in true Cromwellian fashion turned the Deputies out of the Cortes, sealed up the doors, proclaimed Marshal Serrano the head of the Government, and tried the experiment of government by military despotism. This régime was no more successful than its predecessors. General Martinez Campos, it is true, succeeded in crushing the revolt at Carthagena, but the Carlists were still holding their own, and it was determined by the Military Government to place young Alfonso on the Throne. Accordingly, on December 30th, 1874, General Martinez Campos proclaimed him King of Spain at Murviedro, and next day Alfonso crossed the frontier, and was acclaimed with enthusiasm by the troops. A fortnight afterwards he entered Madrid, and then, going to the seat of war, took personal command of the Army of the North which was fighting against the Carlists. He took an active part in the fourteen months' campaign which ensued, and was present at the capture of Estella, which in February, 1876, virtually ended the war. Then began a series of political struggles and intrigues. Having come to

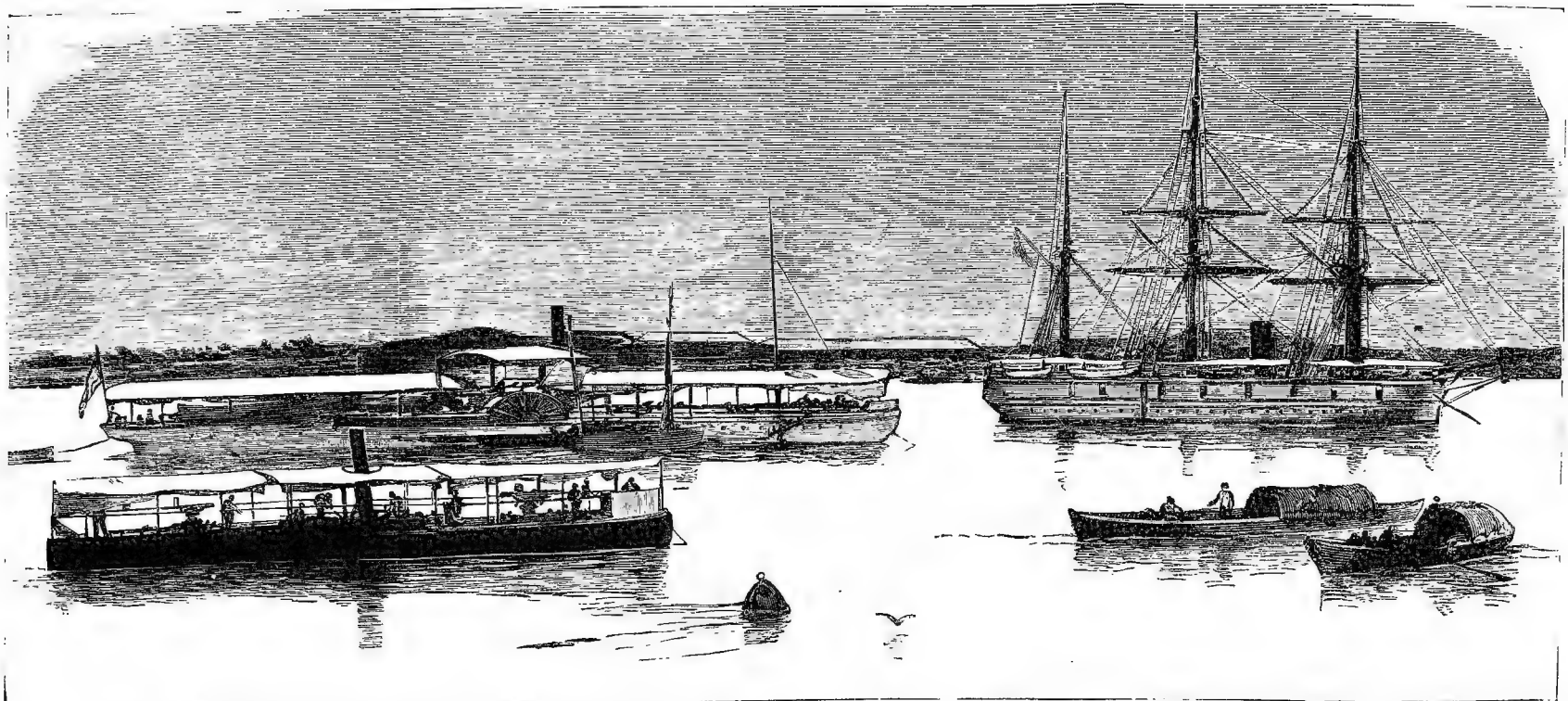


ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN
FROM THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN
Born Nov. 28, 1857. Died Nov. 25, 1885

the Throne by the aid of a Conservative Ministry, under the leadership of Señor Canovas del Castillo, the King yielded considerably to their influence, and greatly curtailed the privileges with which the Revolution of 1868 had endowed the Spaniards, prohibiting the right of public meeting, abrogating civil marriage, suppressing the liberty of public instruction, and generally restoring to the Roman Catholic priesthood much of their lost power, ultimately promulgating the much-abused Constitution of 1876, which placed Spain once more at the

day last week in the arms of Queen Christina. His condition had not been considered serious until a few hours previously, when he had woke up with a feeling of terrible suffocation and weakness. He expressed a desire to see his two little daughters, but when they arrived he was speechless. Of them, the elder, Maria de las Mercedes, born Sept. 11, 1880, is the present Queen of Spain. The other is the Infanta Maria Teresa Isabella, born Nov. 11, 1882.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fernando Debas, Madrid.

mercy of an autocratic Monarchy. In 1878 the King married Mercedes, the daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, much to the indignation of his mother, who at once withdrew in anger to Paris. Five months afterwards the young Queen died, but as it was manifestly urgent that there should be an heir to the throne he married again in the following year, his choice this time being the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria, cousin to the Emperor—the present Queen Regent. In 1880 the Conservative Cabinet fell, and Alfonso, putting aside his personal prejudices, worked no less heartily with Señors Sagasta and Moret than he had with their predecessors. Indeed, the King's good sense and cool judgment earned the respect not only of his own subjects, but of Foreign Powers. Thus, when in 1883 he visited Germany and Austria, he was most cordially received, and the sympathy he then excited was enhanced by the disgraceful treatment to which the Paris mob subjected him because he had accepted the Honorary Colonelcy of a German regiment, a distinction accorded to nearly every Sovereign of Europe. Thenceforward his personal influence became an important factor in foreign complications, and if he had been spared he would have undoubtedly done much to restore Spain to her old position in the councils of Europe. Meanwhile he endeared himself to his people by his bravery in danger, having twice been the object of assassination, and never hesitating to face the risks of earthquake and of cholera if he considered his presence needed to restore order or to inspire confidence. His health, however, was far from strong, and for some time had excited the anxiety of his physicians, as he exhibited marked signs of consumption. This autumn the disease was complicated by intestinal troubles, a severe attack of dysentery hastened the end, and he died on Wednesday last week in the arms of Queen Christina.



THE EXPEDITION AGAINST KING THEEBAW OF BURMA—THE FIRST OF THE IRRAWADDY FIGHTING FLOTILLA

green variety of Paphia, the "silverwashed" fritillary.—That swallows linger late on our warm southern coast is well known, but it is seldom they are seen on November 22nd, even in Cornwall, as has been the case this year.—A fine specimen of the little bustard has been shot in Glamorganshire, and the slaughterer of a rare bird expresses customary gratification at the act.—The nutcracker bird, a very infrequent visitor in this country, has been shot at Eddington in Kent.—We hear that the whitethroats, which usually leave England about Michaelmas, were still to be seen in Suffolk as late as last week.—Two white partridges have been marked in a preserve near Doncaster. The owner has very sensibly ordered that they are not to be shot.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Otters are not usually regarded as tameable, but Mr. S. T. Hurley, of Killaloe, has a couple of young ones which follow him about like dogs, and take headers into the river, coming back on being whistled, and returning with him to the house.—A correspondent writes to inform us that deer will eat horse-chestnuts freely; and another correspondent notes the death of several deer in Savernake Forest through eating frost-bitten grass. This strikes us as an unusual cause of death; but an old naturalist informs us that it is at least *reputed* to be the cause of many stags dying.—Testimonies to the value of ensilage keep coming in. Mr. Faunce de Laune built one silo in 1884; it was appropriated to the reception of rough grass brought out of coppices and the trimmings of walks, banks, and carriage-drives, and yet the ensilage from this rough stuff has answered so remarkably well, that the Squire of Sharsted Court has just finished building two

much larger silos.—The Oxfordshire agriculturists have resolved to meet next year at Henley, on May 19th and 20th, when a good show of Southern Midland stock and produce may be looked for.



SIR JOHN GORST, the Solicitor-General, it is reported, will succeed, as a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division, Mr. Justice Lopes (a brother of Sir Massey Lopes), appointed a Lord of Appeal in the place of Sir Richard Baggallay, who has resigned.

LORD COLERIDGE presided at the annual supper this week given to discharged prisoners by the St. Giles's Mission, a most useful institution, which aims at enabling penitent members of the criminal class to earn an honest livelihood. In the course of his address, the Lord Chief Justice condemned the practice imposed on the judges by Acts of Parliament of sentencing to long terms of imprisonment persons convicted of trivial, but repeated, offences. Petty offences, even though often repeated, remained, he said, petty offences still. Mr. D'Eyncourt, Mr. Montague Cookson, Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., and Mr. Justice North spoke in terms of high approval of the objects and work of the institution.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL was one of the parties to a suit in the Probate Court, tried this week, to determine the validity of wills made by a Miss Burton, who died at the age of eighty-four, possessed of 25,000l. There were three wills, and in two of them—which were contested on the ground that the testatrix was of unsound mind when she made them—she left legacies, in one case of 2,000l., in the other of 3,000l., to the S.P.G. The jury decided against these two wills, and Sir James Hannen refused the S.P.G. its costs out of the estate, observing that the Society ought long ago to have seen the entire incompetency of the "poor lady" to deal with the estate at the time when she executed the wills under which it claimed.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED OF Sir Mordaunt Wells, who was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1841. After a successful career in the Norfolk Circuit, and becoming a serjeant-at-law, he was appointed Recorder of Bedford, and in 1858, when he was knighted, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Calcutta. Nominated in 1860 a member of the Legislative Council of India, he assisted in the revision of the Indian Penal Code, and appointed in 1862 a Judge of the Indian High Court of Judicature he aroused so much native hostility by the denunciation of the forgeries of the Bengali litigants that a petition for his recall was drawn up. On his resignation, from ill-health, in the following year, he was, however, presented with a magnificent service of plate in recognition of his judicial merits. After his return home, he was an active and zealous member of the Mansion House Committee formed in 1865 to cope with the outbreak of cholera at the East End of London.

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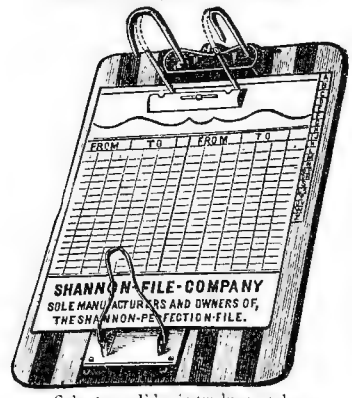
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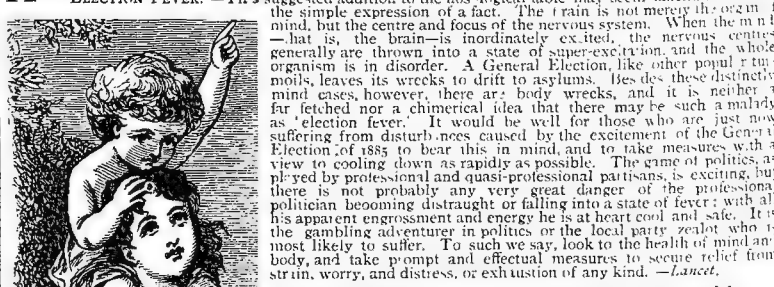


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Parliamentary Elections and Electioneering in the Old Days

BY JOSEPH GREGO.—3.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS OF 1784 Parliament was entirely in the control of Pitt. It met, wrote Horace Walpole, as quietly as a Quarter Session. The Opposition seemed quelled, or driven to despair.



Harvey Coombe, The Lord Mayor. Erskine Charles James Fox Tierney Sir J. Sinclair

NO. 47, J. GILLRAY: THE WORN-OUT PATRIOT; OR THE LAST DYING SPEECH OF THE WESTMINSTER REPRESENTATIVE, ON THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING ON OCT. 10, 1800, HELD AT THE SHAKESPEARE TAVERN

(42) The meeting at Copenhagen House, given in the last paper, failed to accomplish its purpose, and further protests were entered against the Sedition Bill "for the better protection of the King's person," which was carried in the House by large majorities; this repressive measure provided that no gathering exceeding fifty persons should take place, even in a private house, without previous information had been laid before a magistrate, who might attend, and, if he saw cause, order the meeting to disperse, while those who resisted would be guilty of felony. In the face of such unconstitutional interference fresh hostility sprung up throughout the land; and there being anticipations of an appeal to the country, the Opposition endeavoured to present a bold front before the constituencies in view of that event; one of these meetings was summoned by the Sheriff of Middlesex, inviting the freeholders to assemble at the Mermaid, Hackney; this gathering has been commemorated by Gillray (No. 42). The object of the meeting was to obtain a repeal of the obnoxious Sedition Bill, which, as the artist shows, the Whig member George Byng, is vigorously denouncing from the platform; it was at the same time proposed to prepare an "Address to the King," and W. Mainwaring, the Ministerial representative, is, with Jesuitical expression, deprecating hostility both to the Government and to their oppressive legislation, while Fox is holding the hat of his oratorical disciple, Byng.



NO. 45, THE LOYAL MEDAL: A PARODY OF THE PATRIOTIC MEDAL STRUCK IN COMMEMORATION OF THE REFORM MEETING HELD AT GREATHEAD'S, GUY'S CLIFF, WARWICK, 1797

the rights of the people weakened the Government influence. Pitt, anticipating the struggle, boldly resorted to his old policy, and the intention of Dissolving Parliament was announced in the Speech from the Throne. Gillray, whose admirable caricatures illustrate the leading political events from 1782 to 1810, has epitomised the situation as "The Dissolution, or the Alchymist Procuring an Ethereal Representation" (No. 43), 21st May, 1796. Pitt is seated on the model of his new barracks, the transmutation is carried out from the Premier's recipe, "Antidotus Republica;" Treasury coals, i.e., golden pieces, feed the furnace, the breeze is raised by the Crown as a bellows, the old House of Commons, seen in the alembic, shows a few tenants left on the Opposition Benches, such as Fox and Sheridan, but all is rapidly dissolving into a new chamber, where the Alchemist is enthroned as "Perpetual Dictator,"

George Byng against the Unconstitutional "Sedition Bill"



Charles James Fox W. Mainwaring, the Court Representative NO. 42, J. GILLRAY: A HACKNEY MEETING, 1790

"Magna Charta," and "Parliamentary Rights," become his foot-stools, and adulation of the most slavish order is offered up by the members of the newly-constituted and subservient Commons. (44) The General Election of 1796 was less fruitful in incidents than its predecessor in 1790, when the celebrated philologist, John Horne Tooke, endeavoured to gain the second seat as the colleague of the great Whig chief. On this occasion "the Brentford parson" secured, though unsuccessful, a larger number of votes; Fox was returned at the head of the poll, and



NO. 43, J. GILLRAY: THE DISSOLUTION, OR THE ALCHEMIST PRODUCING AN ETHEREAL REPRESENTATION. PITT DISSOLVING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1796

Sir A. Gardner was second. Gillray has left a characteristic likeness of the Whig chief, very "spick and span," deferentially bowing from "The Hustings" (No. 44), in acknowledgment of the ribald, if popular, reception his admirers are according their old "true blue" member for Westminster. Fox is pressing to his heart, in parody of another measure, the "Pewter Pot Bill." "Ever



NO. 44, J. GILLRAY: THE HUSTINGS, COVENT GARDEN, 1796

VOX POPULI.—We'll have a Mug, "Mayor of Garret." CHARLES JAMES FOX, *log.*—"Ever guardian of your most sacred rights, I have opposed the Pewter Pot Bill!"

guardian of your most sacred rights, I have opposed the Pewter Pot Bill." His audience is filled with enthusiasm; as an allusion to Fox's supposed sympathies with events then proceeding in France, the pot boy of "The Tree of Liberty," Petty France, is offering a foaming measure to the well-tryed patriot and popular representative.

(45) On the defeat of Grey's Reform Bill in 1797 the Opposition leaders could make no impression on the House, so they announced their intention for the present of taking no further part in its proceedings; the voice of Fox was scarcely heard in the House till the century closed. Meanwhile, after the secession of the Whig party from the debates, the agitation throughout the country increased, political societies became more active, and frequent meetings were held to discuss the necessity of Parliamentary reform. One of the most remarkable of these was held under the auspices of Bertie Greathead, the owner of "Guy's Cliff," near Warwick; a medal commemorative of this gathering and its object, Reform, was struck for the occasion. These medals were a popular method of spreading political opinions. The patriotic reform medal was parodied by another of a loyal nature (No. 45), representing the devil suspending three halts over the heads of the demagogues who are mounted in "a condemned cart." On the one side are shown the applauding "wrong-heads," while a large assembly of "right-heads" express their contempt for the proceedings.

(46) James Gillray designed for the *Anti-Jacobin Review* his own satirical version of "Two Pair of Portraits, presented to all the unbiassed Electors of Great Britain, by John Horne Tooke" (No. 46), December 1st, 1798. The eminent philologist is represented as a portrait-painter seated before his easel, on which appear the two original likenesses of the Whig and Tory chiefs, Pitt resting on the pedestal of "Truth," and Fox on that of "Deceit;" the presentment of Lord Holland, with the plunder of "unaccounted millions" so frequently quoted, is placed beside the portrait of the great Earl of Chatham, dowered with the "Rewards of a Grateful Nation." Horne Tooke, who has in his pocket "Sketches of Patriotic Views, a pension, a mouth-stopper, a place," is presumed to be retouching his unflattering and sinister portrait of the Whig Chief, while demanding of the Electors of Great Britain, "Which two of them will you choose to hang in your Cabinets, the PITTS or the FOXES? Where, on your conscience, should the other two be hanged?" Allusions to various periods of the linner's life and principles appear round the studio; the Windmill at Wimbledon (where Tooke resided), the Parsonage at Brentford, the bust of Machiavel, the shadow or "silhouette" of the Abbé Sieyès; the picture of his old friend Wilkes, in his Aldermanic Gown as the prosperous and handsomely remunerated City Chamberlain, *ci-devant* Wilkes and Liberty; "the effect in this picture to be copied as exact as possible;" "A London Corresponding Society, i.e., a sketch for an English Directory;" with a folio of "Studies from French masters, Robespierre, Tallien, Marat," together with the prospectus for a new work, "The Art of Political Painting, extracted from the works of the most celebrated Jacobin professors."

(47) The Shakespeare Tavern, celebrated as the headquarters of the Whig party during Fox's candidature for Westminster, was the scene of a popular ovation



Wilkes John Horne Tooke C. J. Fox William Pitt Lord Holland Lord Chatham
NO. 40, TWO PAIRS OF PORTRAITS, PRESENTED TO THE UNBIASED ELECTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN BY JOHN HORNE TOOKE, DEC., 1798

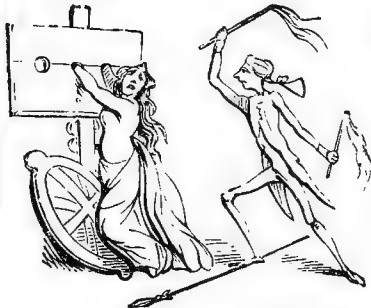
on the twentieth anniversary of the Whig chief's election for that important constituency; the event was celebrated by a public dinner 10th October, 1800. Gillray has embodied this situation in his pictorial version of the statesman's enthusiastic reception, ungenerously representing Fox as "The Worn-out Patriot, or the Last Dying Speech of the Westminster Representative," 10th October, 1800 (No. 47). The great

statesman is depicted as both mentally and physically in a state of decadence; Erskine is sustaining him with a bottle of brandy to stimulate his strength artificially, while Harvey Combe, in his robes as Lord Mayor, is lending his substantial support; a measure of Whitbread's Entire is also ready for the emergency. Among the guests are figured Sir J. Sinclair, and the gifted member for Southwark, Tierney. The speech the satirist has sarcastically introduced is a parody on that delivered by the Whig chief to the electors on the occasion:—"Who," remarked a contemporary, "in reviewing Fox's noble adherence to the cause of Liberty, as it affected the American nation, and weighing the wisdom of his forewarnings of the fatal consequences of the American War, but must admire the prophetic spirit with which he foretold all the direful events which resulted both to the Mother Country and her colonies from that unnatural fratricidal war."

(48) The first Parliament after the Union with Ireland met 22nd January, 1801, and was marked by the reappearance of Fox and the election of Horne Tooke for the Borough of Old Sarum, through the influence of Lord Camelford; the return of one who had been in Holy Orders involved a great constitutional question. His admission was opposed on the ground of his clerical profession, and it led to a Bill making clergymen incapable of sitting in Parliament. Tooke occupied his seat until the next Dissolution, which occurred the year following, when he was no longer eligible. The circum-

stances are commemorated in a caricature by Gillray, entitled "Political Amusements for Young Gentlemen, or the Brentford Shuttlecock between Old Sarum and the Temple of St. Stephen's, March, 1801. Lord Temple led the opposition to Tooke's admission, and he is represented as resisting his entrance to the

NO. 49, J. GILLRAY: THE OLD BRENTFORD SHUTTLECOCK JOHN HORNE TOOKE RETURNED FOR OLD SARUM, 1801



NO. 51, J. GILLRAY: BRITANNIA SCOURGED BY PITT, 1804



Lord Temple John Horne Tooke Lord Camelford
NO. 48, J. GILLRAY: POLITICAL AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN; OR THE OLD BRENTFORD SHUTTLECOCK BETWEEN OLD SARUM AND THE TEMPLE OF ST. STEPHEN'S, MARCH, 1801

vings being laid at the same place, the Brentford Hustings during the Middlesex Election, but the one represents an incident of 1768, the latter of 1804. In the 1768 picture (No. 50) "Scene at the Brentford Hustings, 1768," which we give this week, though, of course, out of its proper chronological sequence, is exhibited the violent and brutal behaviour before the hustings of mercenaries in the pay of Proctor's faction. Sir W. B. Proctor was the Ministerial nominee, and his opponent was Serjeant Glynn, Wilkes' advocate. On this occasion, a gentleman named Clarke was killed by one of Proctor's henchmen. The engraving (No. 22), which appeared out of its proper place in the first supplement, represents an episode of the Middlesex Election at Brentford in 1804. It is one of Gillray's most elaborate caricatures, and was published August 7th, 1804; it was entitled "Middlesex Election, 1804—a Long Pull, a Strong Pull—and a Pull All Together," and shows Sir Francis Burdett's barouche drawn to the Brentford hustings by the leading Whig statesman.

(51) The version of the "Governor in All His Glory," i.e., Pitt flogging Britannia, who is fixed in the pillory (No. 51), is from the banner of Sir Francis Burdett, Middlesex election, 1804.

(52) The Election contests in 1806 and 1807, which ensued on the death of Fox, fully occupied the pencil of Gillray: his elaborate cartoons, of which reduced *fac-similes* are given, prove that Election squibs must in his day have enjoyed a large circulation; the artist seems to have developed them into elaborate conceptions. Westminster was again the constituency where the struggle was regarded as of most absorbing interest. Sheridan, who had sat for Stafford from 1780, fancied that his popularity and his intimacy with Fox would enable him to succeed the illustrious Whig chief. He found an embarrassing opponent in James Paull (the son of a prosperous tailor), who had returned from India with a moderate fortune. In view of the energetic tactics of the new candidate and his Radical allies, Sir Samuel Hood and Sheridan thought it advisable to combine their interests, and make a

coalition for the occasion. The situation is pictorially summed up as "The High-flying Candidate" (i.e., Little Paull Goose) mounting from a blanket, *vide* "Humours of Westminster Election" (No. 52), November 11th, 1806. Paull, according to the ungenerous practice of all concerned, was taunted with being



NO. 50, THE MIDDLESEX ELECTION—SCENE AT THE BRENTFORD HUSTINGS, PROCTOR AND GLYNN, 1768

I'll return him again, if I should be sent on a cruise to Moorfields for it! Go it, coz." Lord Temple is replying, "Send him back? Yes, I'll send him back twenty thousand times, before such a high-flying Jacobin shuttlecock shall perch it here in his clerical hand."

(49) The inscriptions on the feathers stuck in the head of the

Lord Granville

Marquis of Buckingham Lord Temple

Head of Fox as old "Whig" Block



Sheridan & Sir S. Hood on "Whitbread"—Coalition at Westminster
James Paull, the Candidate defeated at Westminster

Napoleon as Postilion

J. H. Tooke W. Cobbett
Sir Francis Burdett Col. Bosville

NO. 53, J. GILLRAY: POSTING TO THE ELECTION—A SCENE ON THE ROAD TO BRENTFORD, NOV. 1806. CANDIDATES: MELLISH, BYNG, AND BURFITT

noble lord's plaything, "The Old Brentford Shuttlecock" (No. 49) are intended to indicate his character.

(50) By an unfortunate error of the printers, the wrong engraving was placed above the title of No. 22 in our first Electioneering Supplement. The mistake arose from the scene of the two engra-

the son of a tailor. Sir Samuel Hood, with one arm lost in his country's service, and Sheridan in sables for his late friend, and with the farce of "The Devil Among the Tailors" in his pocket, are together raising their high-flying antagonist in the "Coalition Blanket"; the Admiral's sailors, and patriotic volunteers for

Sheridan, are alike pronouncing emphatically for the combined names of the two senior candidates; at the feet of the Coalition members is the memorial slab to departed greatness, "Sacred to the Memory of Poor Charley, late member for the City of Westminster," "We ne'er shall look upon his like again," the monument is thrust aside by the outraged spirit of the deceased patriot, who is in anguish exclaiming *O tempora! O mores!*

(53) Gillray's third caricature on the General Election of 1806 exhibits a spirited panorama of the procession to the hustings as "Posting to the Election; a Scene on the Road to Brentford" (No. 53), in which each of the candidates is hastening in the way supposed to best characterise his prospects and party; William Mellish, who enjoyed the interest of the Coalition Ministry then in office, is driven in style, in a dashing four-in-hand. George Byng follows in a post-chaise and pair. The candidates for Westminster—Sheridan and Sir Samuel Hood—are mounted on a



Sir Samuel Hood James Paull R. B. Sheridan
NO. 52, J. GILLRAY: THE HIGH-FLYING CANDIDATE (i.e. LITTLE PAULL GOOSE) MOUNTING FROM A BLANKET. *Vide* HUMOURS OF WESTMINSTER ELECTION, NOV. 1806

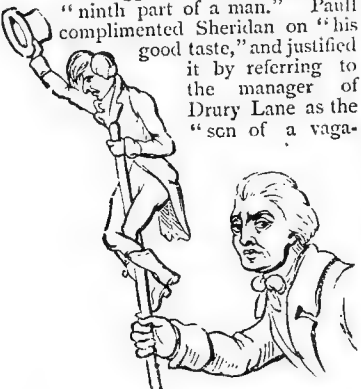
prancing brewer's horse from Whitbread's; Burdett and his supporters ingloriously follow in a cart to typify the baronet's being defeated.

(54) It was at the Westminster Election of 1806 that the excitement culminated. This long and expensive contest was fruitful in incidents. Gillray has produced a most characteristic "View of the Hustings in Covent Garden" (No. 54). At the time this version appeared, Paull was at the head of the poll; he is shown



B. Kerr Sir Francis Burdett James Paull
NO. 54, J. GILLRAY: PATRIOTS DECIDING A POINT OF HONOUR; OR AN EXACT REPRESENTATION OF THE CELEBRATED RENCONTRE WHICH TOOK PLACE AT COMBE WOOD ON MAY 2, 1807, BETWEEN LITTLE PAULL, THE TAILOR, AND SIR FRANCIS GOOSE, MAY 4, 1807

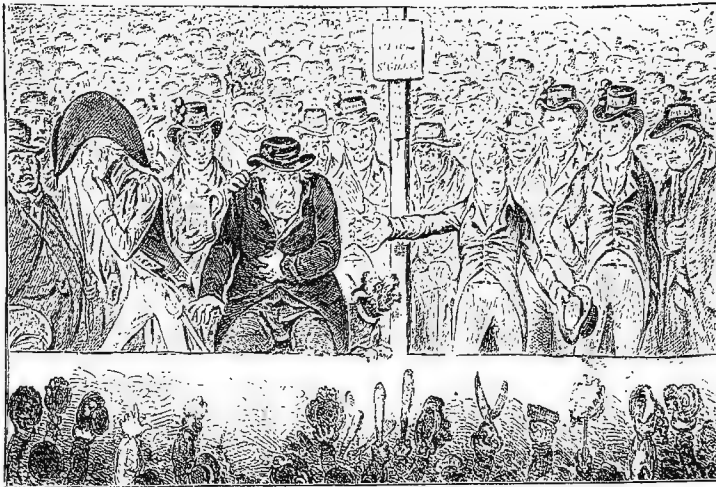
vigorously denouncing his discomfited antagonist, "Harlequin Sherry," as "the sunk, the lost, the degraded Treasurer." Cobbett, Burdett, and Bosville, wearing favours for Paull, are in the front ranks of his supporters. Sheridan, exhorted to "Pay your Debts, Mr. Treasurer," is represented as filled with consternation. Whitbread is vainly trying to rally his spirits with his "New Loyal Porter;" Sir Samuel Hood is seemingly ashamed of his colleague, and is chuckling over his confusion. The exchange of personalities between Paull and Sheridan, who was assisted by the notorious "Pickles," his son Tom, exceeded all that had gone before, and degenerated into "Billingsgate" abuse. Sheridan, with questionable propriety, dwelt more particularly on the descent of his opponent from "tailorism," and was waggish in allusions to the "ninth part of a man." Paull complimented Sheridan on "his good taste," and justified it by referring to the manager of Drury Lane as the "son of a vaga-



NO. 57, SIR FRANCIS BURDETT AT THE TOP OF THE POLL.

bond," actors having been by Act of Parliament classed in that category.

(55) The defeat of the famous Coalition Ministry of "All the Talents" upon the vexed question of Catholic Emancipation was the cause of a fresh appeal to the country early in 1807. Paull now flattered himself that his chances of being returned for Westminster were reviving, but candidates were more numerous, and Sir Francis Burdett, who was discouraged by his late experience from contesting Middlesex, was appealing to Westminster himself. An altercation



Sir Samuel Hood Whitbread, the Brewer Peter Moore, Duke of Northumb- James Paull, Sir F. Burdett Col. Bosville the Radical Candidate
NO. 54, J. GILLRAY: VIEW OF THE HUSTINGS IN COVENT GARDEN. *Vide* THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION, 1796

arose between the two Radical candidates, when a hostile meeting was arranged to take place near Wimbledon. This duel is made the subject of a fresh satire by Gillray, "Patriots Deciding a Point of Honour; or, the Exact Representation of the Celebrated Rencontre which took place at Combe Wood on May 2nd, 1807, between Little Paull the Tailor and Sir Francis Goose" (No. 55). On the field of honour Burdett continued to be travestied as the famous great green goose, his letter to the Electors at the Crown and Anchor is, with other political and personal publications, scattered around as the cause of the encounter, one pair of pistols is already discharged; at the second exchange of shots, which Paull demanded as Burdett declined to apologise, both combatants were wounded, as shown in the picture. Sir Francis was highly indignant, according to the satirist's version, "What, must I be out! and a Tailor get into Parliament?" "You're a



NO. 56, J. GILLRAY: ELECTION CANDIDATES, OR THE REPUBLICAN GOOSE AT THE TOP OF THE POLL, MAY 20, 1807

On the Poll: Burdett, Cochrane, Elliott, Sheridan Paull, Temple; below are Grey, Granville, Petty.

liar! I never said that I would sit as Chairman on your Shop-board!" Paull, who is girt with a huge pair of shears sword-wise,



NO. 61, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK: THE LAW'S DELAY!—SHOWING THE ADVANTAGES AND COMFORT OF WAITING THE SPECIFIED TIME AFTER READING THE RIOT ACT TO A RADICAL MOB; OR, A BRITISH MAGISTRATE IN THE DISCHARGE OF HIS DUTY, AND THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND IN THE DISCHARGE OF THEIRS! SEE SPEECHES OF THE OPPOSITION.—*passim*: Now greeting, hooting, and abuse, To each man's party prove of use; And mud, and stones, and waving hats, And broken heads, and putrid cats, Are offerings made to aid the cause Of order, government, and laws, "The Election Day—A Sketch from Nature"

Now greeting, hooting, and abuse, To each man's party prove of use; And mud, and stones, and waving hats, And broken heads, and putrid cats, Are offerings made to aid the cause Of order, government, and laws, "The Election Day—A Sketch from Nature"

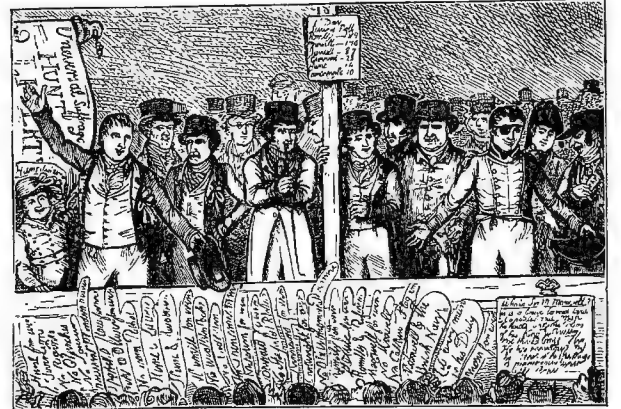
responds, "A liar!—Sir, I'm a Tailor and a Gentleman, and I must have satisfaction;" Bellenden Kerr and Cooper, the seconds of the respective combatants, are provided with two armfuls of pistols for the emergency, which Samuel Rogers, the banker, described as "ending in a lame affair."

(56) The further results of the contest are shown as the "Poll of the Westminster Election;" according to Gillray's figurative version, Burdett, still as the goose with wounded limb, is pitchforked to the top, whence he is hissing at the Crown as the "Sun of the Constitution;" his political tutor, travestied as the Evil One, is helping his rise; Lord Cochrane, flourishing a club marked "Reform," is second; Elliott the brewer, as "Quassia," is overset; Sheridan, in his old Harlequin suit, is slipping down, never to rise again; and Paull, with his leg damaged, has come down with a run, he having cut an insignificant figure in the polling; the members of the dismissed Ministry are commemorating Burdett's triumph with "rough music." This version, which contains a number of portraits, is entitled "Election Candidates; or the Republican Goose at the Top of the



NO. 58, J. GILLRAY: PATRIOTIC PETITIONS. THE CHELMSFORD PETITION—PATRIOTS ADDRESSING THE ESSEX CALVES, 1808

Pol(l)e—the Devil Helping Behind! *vide* Mr. Paull's Letter, article Horne Tooke. Also an exact representation of Sawney M'Cockran (Lord Cochrane) flourishing the Cudgel of Naval Reform, lent him by Cobbett, and mounting triumphantly over a small Beer Barrel, together with an old Drury Lane Harlequin trying in vain to make a spring to the top of the pole, and slipping down again; and lastly, poor Little Paull, the Tailor done over! wounded by a Goose, and not a leg to stand on" (No. 56), May 20th, 1807.



Hunt Burdett Cartwright Sir S. Romilly Sir M. Maxwell
NO. 59, WESTMINSTER ELECTION—THE FREEDOM OF ELECTION, OR HUNT-ING FOR POPULARITY AND PLUMBERS FOR MAXWELL, 1813

(57) The support and assistance afforded by the author of the "Divisions of Purley" to his pupil, are farther indicated in a caricature which represented the "Brentford Parson" carrying the candidate at the end of his pole, and, as in the former example, exhibiting Burdett to the crowd assembled in Covent Garden; under the title of "The Head of the Poll, or the Wimbledon Showman and his Puppet" (No. 57), Horne Tooke is advertising "The finest puppet in the world, gentlemen, entirely of my own formation. I have on'y to say the word, and he'll do anything."

(58) Another view of a hustings is afforded by No. 58; from the platform a select party of superannuated statesmen are addressing the constituents, in this instance, pictured as Calves; this version, which is by Gillray, represents a phase of the "Patriotic Petitions on the



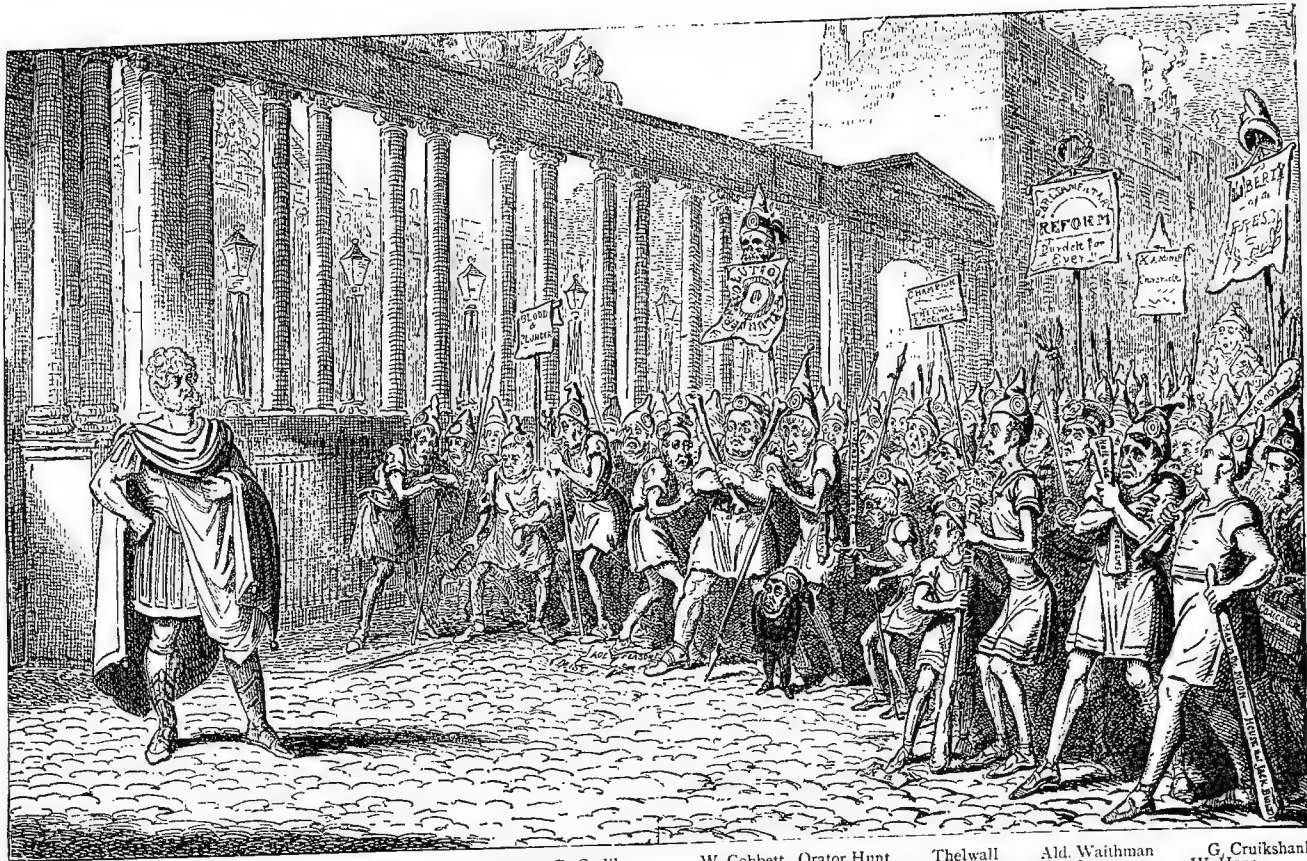
NO. 60, HUNT—A RADICAL

Convention" (of Cintra); "The Chelmsford Petition," with Patriots addressing the Essex Calves—who, it is notified, are "To be sold to the highest bidder," Lord Temple is unfolding the *Essex Petition*—"Horrid Convention! Ministers firing the Park guns; Armistice in French lingo!" Earl St. Vincent is appealing to the Electors, and declaring that all the misfortunes are due to the want of himself; the gouty veteran is supported by the Marquis of Buckingham, who is asserting "It's all for want of us, Gentlemen Calves!" sentiments

which the other occupants of the platform, Windham and Lord Henry Petty, are applauding.

(59) Both Robert and George Cruikshank were working away on the popular side of the Westminster Election contest, June 18, 1818. "The Freedom of Election, or HUNT-ing for Popularity, and Plumpers for MAXWELL" (No. 59), published June 22, 1818, owes its origin to this combination of talent. In the caricature, the candidates and their most prominent supporters are mounted on the Covent Garden hustings, of which a front view is given. Hunt stands hat in hand backed by his flag proclaiming "Universal Suffrage and Liberty;" beside him appears Sir Francis Burdett, with Douglas Kinnaid; Major Cartwright and others; Sir Samuel Romilly is standing beside the poll, and Sir Murray Maxwell is rendered conspicuous by his naval uniform and the black patch which covers one eye.

(60) In the same spirit the satirists regarded as fair game for their shafts of ridicule the new political section which had seceded from the Whig party as being behind the age, these were the "root-and-branch reformers," who from their electing to call themselves Radical reformers, obtained the party



CORIOLANUS—George IV.

Dr. Watson

Preston R. Carlile,

W. Cobbett Orator Hunt
Wooler, "The Black Dwarf"
Major Cartwright

Thelwall
Sir Francis Burdett
J. C. Hobhouse

Ald. Waithman
Douglas Kinnaid

G. Cruikshank
W. Hone

NO. 62, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK: CORIOLANUS ADDRESSING THE PLEBEIANS. 1820

splendours of an old soldier's coat, is making all the noise of which the instrument is capable, while retreating with his face to the foe.

(64, 65) A general and somewhat conventional satire on the possible conduct of candidates before, upon, and after their return, appeared among the "Election Squibs and Crackers for 1830." "Look on this picture and on that" (Nos. 64 and 65). "General Election—dedicated to Electors in General—the difference between one hour after the return, and one month after."

The voter represented is evidently a prosperous mechanic, he wears the colours of the newly-elected one in his hat, and is thus addressed by the member he has contributed to return, "My worthy, my best friend, it will be my constant study to comply with your wishes—how can I serve you? Let me see you often, pray come to the Hall; we shall be so happy to see you." This over-coloured state of things is strangely altered within a month; the candidate is now a full member, and is evidently studying his own interests to the exclusion of those of his constituents; in his hand is a peremptory Government "Whip" thus worded: "Ministers wishing to pass the measure, your



NO. 64, BEFORE THE RETURN. ELECTION SQUIBS AND CRACKERS—LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, 1830

"My worthy, my best friend, it will be my constant study to comply with your wishes—how can I serve you?"

artist at this stage of his career: "What would ye have, ye curs, that like not peace nor war? The one affrights you, the other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, where he should find you lions, finds you hares; where foxes, geese. Hang ye! trust ye! With every minute you change a mind, and call him noble that was now your hate; him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter, that in the several places of the city, you cry against the noble Senate, who (under the gods) keep you in awe, which else would feed upon one another?" In "Great George's" parody, the various sections, from Reformers to Revolutionists and Socialists, are carefully kept apart, although the plebeians at the first glance appear but a miscellaneous mob. The names of the respective celebrities are given below the engraving. The "Plebs" form a muster-roll of all the prominent Radicals and Revolutionists of a period when secret societies of those whose designs were inimical to Constitutional order were presumed to flourish.

(63) W. Heath, who was employed by T. McLean at the time when Doyle's sketches were making their appearance, has given many versions of events during George IV.'s somewhat oppressive reign. At the close of 1830, with the advent to the Throne of a more constitutionally-minded Sovereign, the artist sums up the dismissal of a Cabinet whose actions he had frequently criticised from a pictorially satirical point of view. In the version of "His Honour the Beadle Driving the Vagabonds Out of the Parish" (No. 63), Nov. 28th, 1830, Heath has impressed Sir David Wilkie's well-known picture of "The Parish Beadle" into the services of parody. King William IV., as the "Bumble" of the situation, is making a clean sweep of the relics of the past reign: "Come, be off: no hangers behind—out with you all! I'll let you see I represent the aristocracy of the parish!" John Bull, who may be considered to have generally endorsed his friend William's policy with hearty goodwill, is giving his approval: "That's right, Master Beadle, do your duty and clear the parish of the varmin'ts, they've been a pest ever since they've been here." The Chancellor Lyndhurst, Lord Ellenborough, Goulburn (late Chancellor of the Exchequer), and the rest are making a hasty retreat; Peel, dragging his "new police" monkey attached to a string, is hardly reconciled to his banishment from office: "Vell, ve did all ve could to kick up a row afore ve vent!" Wellington, as the "hurly-gurdy" woman, dressed in the faded



NO. 65, AFTER THE RETURN. ELECTION SQUIBS AND CRACKERS—AND ON THAT, 1830

VOTER—"A Bill is about to pass that will ruin our Trade."
MEMBER—"You are an impudent fellow, I don't know you. Do you suppose I am to be dictated to?"

Lyndhurst

Scarlett

Ellenborough

designation of "Radicals." The orator Hunt is travestied in this guise (No. 60).

(61) The turbulence of the times at this precise period is pictured in "The Law's Delay" (No. 61).

(62) A comprehensive view of the respective sections of Radicals and Reformers on the Dissolution of Parliament, 29th February, 1820, is afforded by one of G. Cruikshank's most successful caricatures, which may be considered, in point of execution, as among the works most worthy of his reputation. It is entitled "Coriolanus Addressing the Plebeians" (No. 62), 29th February, 1820. The scene is the screen in front of Carlton House Palace, and His Majesty, the magnificent George IV., is flatteringly travestied as Coriolanus; the "cauliflower" wig and false whiskers affected by "the finest gentleman in Europe" detract from the consistency of the figure, otherwise attired in classic guise, and presenting a dignified appearance; for, wonderful to relate, Cruikshank has gone out of his way to flatter the King in more than one respect. The address, a felicitous quotation from Shakespeare, is antagonistic to the actual sentiments held by the



Wellington

Sir R. Peel

Goulburn, Chan. of the Exch.

William IV.

John Bull

NO. 63, W. HEATH: HIS HONOUR, THE BEADLE, DRIVING THE VAGABONDS OUT OF THE PARISH, 1830

vote will be required." The legislation in question appears to threaten the welfare of his late enthusiastic supporter, who has ventured to interview his member on the momentous topic: "Sir, there is a Bill about to pass that will quite ruin our trade, and bring our families to beggary. I hope, sir, you will use your influence to throw it out." The member now wears an indignant expression, "You are an impudent fellow, I don't know you, and if I did, do you suppose I should be dictated to, fellow?" This plate was executed by William Heath, and issued by T. McLean, of the Haymarket; perhaps the most notable feature is an announcement that "Election caricatures can be executed for gentlemen in three hours." This advertisement, appended to the caricature in question, is curious. Of course, for a not extravagant consideration, intending candidates could secure the playful services of William Heath, or even of those greater humourists enlisted under McLean's standard—the elder Doyle and G. Seymour—for rendering ridiculous or contemptible the persons and principles of their antagonists, and the exaltation of their own.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"She cast herself anew upon the couch with all her costly finery crumpled and disarranged, and cried herself into a mood of strong disregard for anything."

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI (continued).

"EVERY man runs the danger of seeming insolent when he begins to make love. I thought myself the most impudent scoundrel in the world for even thinking about it. There is nothing more remarkable than the way in which courage and danger proportion themselves. The more danger the less courage—the less danger the more courage. I had no idea that I was so bold as I find myself. The mouse of the day before yesterday is the lion of to-day."

"Take care," said Angela, gaily enough, "that you are not reduced to the earlier stage."

"Reduced!" said Maskelyne. "I am reducible, I know, but I beseech you not to reduce me. It is so delightful to feel brave and out of danger."

And having once fairly begun it, they talked nonsense to their hearts' content. But meanwhile the Patriot's reputation in Maskelyne's eyes was completely and irrevocably made. Whatever little shred of doubt that might have lingered in his mind was blown away. O'Rourke was a faithless friend and a pretender in love, and since in Maskelyne's mind love and friendship were equally and almost unspeakably sacred, the man who could betray or falsely profess them both needed no more to stamp him as a scoundrel. This judgment, which Maskelyne found unescapable, would have been an immense surprise to the Patriot, a fact from which may be gathered the inference that vice and virtue are figures which are far from clear in outline.

But it was easy to escape from thinking of O'Rourke in the presence of themes so much more pressing and more agreeable. Maskelyne could not see why anybody should desire to postpone Angela's marriage with himself, and inwardly he chafed a little at the Major's business-like talk of settlements. The lover would have been ready to present everything he had to his bride. Butler was not the wisest man in the world, but he had a little strain of practical wisdom in him, and would endure no lover-like folly on either side.

"There's nothing in the world that's the worse for being properly done," said the Major, with an unexpected burst into the manufacture of proverbial philosophy. "Of course you won't quarrel. But it can't hurt to have things so arranged that you can't quarrel."

This question of settlements took the whole party to London, and in London Angela called upon the Farleys. Lucy was delighted with the news of the approaching marriage. She and Angela were very confidential together, and suited each other perfectly. Lucy

had taken a peculiar and tender interest in the younger woman's love affairs, and had brought her husband to a quarrel with his oldest friend because of them. It was hardly in nature that O'Rourke should be left out of their talk.

"I saw from the very first that Mr. Maskelyne cared for you," said Lucy; "and I thought you cared for him, though, of course, I could hardly be sure of that. But I was afraid at one time that you would lose each other. The course of true love does not always run smooth, and Mr. Maskelyne is very delicate and rather self-distrustful. When you are married, my dear, you must cure him of his habit of thinking too little of himself, and teach him to see his own side at least as much as other people's."

"It was my own fault," said Angela with a blush, "if we were in danger of misunderstanding each other."

"No, my dear," returned Lucy with gentle decision. "It was the fault of a third person. There! We will say no more about him."

The promise to say no more about him was naturally the prelude to a long talk in which he occupied the central place.

"I must say that he behaved very shamefully. My husband used to think most highly of him. They were colleagues for many years, and Austin looked upon him as a brother. But they have quarrelled outright now, and Austin despises him as completely as I do. I must tell you. Mr. Maskelyne had covered him with kindnesses, had lent him large sums of money, and had behaved to him in the most friendly way. And before he began to persecute you with his attentions, he knew the state of Mr. Maskelyne's mind about you. He was told of it. I know that for a fact."

Then followed the story of Fraser's statement to O'Rourke, and then the story of Fraser's wrongs, and then the two united in pity for Mrs. Spry, who was such a charming, innocent-minded, good-hearted little creature, and had brought her money and her charms to so disastrous a market. And at last Angela must needs tell of O'Rourke's insolent behaviour in the Grottoes. Lucy was unfeignedly indignant at this recital.

"Poor little Mrs. Spry ought to be saved from that mercenary wretch," she cried, though perhaps she thought less of saving the little widow than of punishing O'Rourke. From a woman's standpoint there are few villainies less pardonable than to utter a forgery on the Bank of Love. To be juggled out of money by false pretences is bad enough in all conscience, but to be juggled out of affection is a much more serious and terrible business. To love and to be loved is what a good woman lives for. The one is the great

occupation, and the other the great object, of her life. To palm off false pretences here and to make them pay is the basest of swindles. A man of average honour can afford a contemptuous toleration for a fortune-hunter. A woman can have nothing but unpying hatred for him.

Angela, like her friend, was sceptical of Mrs. Spry's chances of happiness.

"It must be dreadful," she said, "to be married to a man who pretends to love you. And to find it out!" That reflection to a girl who had given her whole heart to a man, and was just going to be married, must needs seem piteous. "I am sorry for poor Julia. I am dreadfully sorry for her. But what can we do?"

It was not easy to see what could be done, except to leave the Patriot to his base triumph and the poor little widow to her inevitable sufferings. But it happened that when Angela had gone away Fraser strolled in, and since Fraser had begun to hate O'Rourke nothing had pleased him so much as to talk about his enemy. He talked about him now, and Lucy, who was full of the new proof of O'Rourke's wickedness, related it, binding Fraser to solemn secrecy.

"You see," she said, "that nothing can be done, but everything shows how badly he has acted. Nobody can tell Mrs. Spry. You know perhaps what women are, Mr. Fraser. They are very blind about these things, and they do not thank anybody who tries to open their eyes. It would only make her very unhappy, and she would still go on her own way."

"Tis like enough," said Fraser, but he smiled ineffably, and shook his head with a wonderful blending of complacency and pity. "Where's the poor deluded thing livin'?" he asked, smilingly.

Lucy told him, and he wagged his head up and down, this time with a smile that had a suggestion of anticipatory triumph in it. Very shortly afterwards he took his leave, and all the way home he smiled. Home reached, he sat down at his desk and wrote this letter:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—If I leave this letter unsigned it is not because I desire to shelter myself behind the shield of darkness which the writer of libel occasionally finds useful. It is because I know enough of human nature to be aware of the fact that an unsigned communication is always read and remembered. If you will show this to Mr. Hector O'Rourke he will tell you from whom it comes—if he dare. Ask Mr. O'Rourke—if you feel that your

happiness in any way depends upon it—why he resigned his pretensions to the hand of Miss Butler, of Houfof, near Janenne. Ask him why he kissed that hand in the dark of the Grottoes near Houfof a week before he met you. Ask him why he quarrelled with his friend, Mr. Maskelyne, and why he does not repay that gentleman the money he owes him. Ask him who wrote this letter, and why the writer is

"HIS IMPLACABLE ENEMY.

"*Post scriptum*.—You may tell Mr. O'Rourke that if he chooses to seek an exposure in the law courts I shall not shrink from the ordeal, or deny my handwriting, which he knows *as well as I know his*. You may ask him what that means, also."

Curious as it may seem, Fraser felt rather proud of himself whilst writing this epistle, and when it was finished he read it twice or thrice with feelings of growing approval.

"I'll teach the sneaking villain to play false with me," said Fraser. "There's nothing sneaking in *that*, anyway," he added, surveying his own work admiringly.

And with this conclusion he walked out, and with his own hands posted the letter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. SPRY had taken, for what remained of the season, a small furnished house in Park Lane, whose original lessee found himself obliged to spend the summer abroad. Fraser had written and posted his letter on a Wednesday afternoon, and on the evening of that same Wednesday Mrs. Spry had been dressed with unusual care and splendour. She had dined alone rather early, and after dinner had surrendered herself to the hands of her maid with full intent to look her best, for she was certain to meet Hector in the course of the evening, and was quite resolved to eclipse any possible rival. Not that she had an overweening idea of her own charms; but Hector had told her so often and so convincingly how well this, that, and the other article of attire or adornment became her, that she was able to arrange her battery on what she supposed to be the lines of knowledge, and not on those of mere speculation. And all the while the adorning was going on she surveyed herself in the mirror with growing certainty that she was likely to please. Blending with this agreeable conviction was the triumphant thought of Hector's own delightful qualities—qualities which no other man had ever possessed in combination. Where was there, even as a hero in romance, a man so all-accomplished, so handsome, so distinguished, so tender, and devoted? Many and many a time when she thought about him her own pride ended by abasing her. She felt unworthy of so much devotion from so princely and noble a creature as O'Rourke. She was quite sure in her own mind that there was not a woman in any rank of life in the world who would not have jumped at him for a husband, and that he should have chosen her was almost beyond belief, and yet most deliciously true.

This way of thinking was quite common with her, but it did not often reach to such a warmth of certainty and blessedness as on this particular Wednesday evening, just when she was going to be wrung and tortured by the Fraser letter. Hector himself was the purveyor of this evening's pleasure. Lady Marguerite Capucine's private theatricals were admittedly delightful, less because of the beauty of the performances than of the extreme difficulty in securing places. O'Rourke was a great favourite with the founder of this intellectual feast, and since Mrs. Spry's rejoicing indiscretions had by this time let half London know that she was about to be married, and to whom, he had but to ask of Lady Marguerite and to have the invitation he wanted. Mrs. Spry's money had made very little social difference to her at home, and had done nothing at all towards unlocking the doors which lead there to the real arcana of fashion. In a Republic it is necessary to be a little stricter about that sort of thing than in a land where the fountain of honour has baptised people into social perfection for hundreds of years past. You may guess an average man by the company he keeps, but a Duke is a Duke with whomsoever he consorts. People whose social standing is hall-marked can afford to know anybody, but where no hall-mark exists they have to nurse their own exclusiveness with the fondest care.

With the memory of Western exclusiveness in her mind the little widow naturally exaggerated the social services the magnificent Hector had found in his power to render her. He moved in these lofty circles, and no doubt could have married in them had he chosen. But he loved her, and she thanked Heaven in her simple soul that she did not come to him altogether empty-handed. She could help him to take the place that was his own by right of the kindest manhood.

Whilst she was at the very flush of these fancies her maid brought her Fraser's letter. If the writer of the letter had known what he was doing he would certainly have spared her, for though he was thick-skinned, and upon occasion thick-headed enough, he was by no means a brute, and only a brute could wilfully and knowingly have tortured anything as Fraser now tortured his enemy's fiancée. He had shot his arrow at his foe without so much as thinking that it must pass through this feeble and tender bosom before it could reach him.

Mrs. Spry read the letter with a helpless terror and dismay. Her first impulse was to protest against herself that she did not believe a word of the confident innuendoes it contained. Unhappily, this kind of protest avails nothing, and she knew at bottom that she gave credit to them all. There was no natural unfaithfulness in this, but all she could remember pushed her towards the terrible conclusion. To begin with, Hector's falling in love had been extremely hurried, and even she, delightful as she had found its very haste, could not help knowing as much. Then, in the new light which this letter cast upon her late stay at Janenne, Angela's bearing towards O'Rourke, and the manner in which she had listened to his praises, took a new complexion. It was easy now—it was inevitable—to think that Angela had been jealous. Mrs. Spry was not strong enough to hate anybody very much, but a sudden jet of feminine venom rose in her heart and startled her by its acrid heat, when she thought that Angela might have inspired this hateful letter.

She cried bitterly, of course, partly out of rage at the writer for sending her this evident tissue of lies, partly out of pity for herself because she believed them, and partly out of this new-born hate for Angela. She had not even found self-possession enough to run away from her maid's eyes or to dismiss her before she yielded to the storm. The girl looked on pitying stupidly, and in a little while brought salts and eau de Cologne, which the poor little widow pushed on one side with pettish indignation. After a time a feeble gleam of light stole across the dark landscape. Let Hector have been and have done what he might, she had him—he was hers—she would make him love her. The watery gleam went in again, and once more all was dark. For what was the use of having the mere shell and husk of him if his heart were Angela's, and if he had been base enough to desert his real choice for money?

As the storm grew louder the maid came up again with her useless sedatives, and Mrs. Spry, who was lying on a couch in unpicturesque abandonment, no sooner felt her hand than she sprang to her feet.

"Go away," she cried, "go away. What right have you to stop here and see me like this? Go away, I tell you." Her little white teeth clicked with hysterical passion, and her little white hands clenched and shook before her so dreadfully that the maid was scared, and retreated. She cast herself anew upon the couch

with all her costly finery crumpled and disarranged, and cried herself into a mood of stony disregard for everything. It took nearly an hour to do this, and by the time it was done the big eyes were all puffed and swollen, and her cheeks were scalded with tears.

She threw the letter, which was twisted into an irregular spiral and wet with tears, upon the table, and took to walking up and down the room, fingering the pretty objects that lay here and there, and looking at them as if they interested her, though in reality she did not even see them. By and by she pulled a hand-ful of visiting cards from a dish of silver filagree, made in imitation of a single fern leaf, and put them back one by one, purposely inspecting them. Suddenly she saw the name which had grown so newly hateful to her. "Miss Butler, Chateau de Beausite, Houfof, près de Janenne." Written across the top of the card in Angela's hand was the name of a West End hotel. She snatched this up and stared at it with eyes piteously reddened and swollen, and then, dashing at the bell-pull, rang a peal which brought up the astonished maid in a swirl of petticoats.

"When," gasped the little woman, "when did this come?"

"This afternoon, madam," responded the maid.

"Order the carriage," cried Mrs. Spry, hastily gathering her opera cloak, fan, and gloves in a reckless handful. She snatched the letter from the table and faced the maid panting.

"Really, ma'am," began the maid, "I don't think—"

"Order the carriage!" cried her mistress, stamping a small foot at her.

"The carriage is waiting," the maid replied, "but really, ma'am—"

The widow with her tear-stained face and crumpled dress, and her hair wildly disarranged, ran out of the room, skimmed down stairs like a swallow, opened the street-door with her own hands, and left it wide behind her. The coachman jumped down, but she was at the carriage-door before him, and he stared at the wild disorder in which she appeared.

"The Palace Hotel," she said. "Quick. Go as quick as you can."

The coachman slammed the door, and remounting drove away rapidly. Mrs. Spry, crumpling the letter in her feverish fingers, and huddling fan and gloves in a heap before her, looked out of window right and left as she rode, with an excited apprehension lest she should pass Angela by the way, and so miss her. When she reached the hotel, its broad blaze of light recalled her somewhat to herself, and she hastily slipped the opera-cloak over her bare shoulders, and drew the hood well over her face. The coachman had redescended, and had opened the carriage-door before this was fairly done.

"Ask for Miss Butler," she said, "and send in my name to her."

The man obeyed, and she sat waiting, drumming with her feet upon the rug, and twisting her long gloves into a rope as if her life depended upon having that task completed before an answer reached her. By and by an hotel servant came out at the main entrance, crossed the wide pavement, laid a hand against the carriage, and postured there. Construing this as an intimation to alight, she emerged from the carriage, pulling the hood of her opera cloak closer round her face.

"This way, madam," said the messenger. She sobbed twice as she followed him, but to her great relief he marched on deaf and blind to all appearance, and installed her in a lift-chamber. A neat maid met her when the lift paused, and conducted her to a room which looked comfortable and homelike with its shaded lamps and subdued carpet and curtains. Her mere feminine instinct took her to a mirror, and sent her hands to her disordered hair whilst she waited, but nothing was further from her mind than her own appearance at this moment. After a pause of a minute or so, a door opened, and Angela entered the room.

"Oh, Julia," she began, "how kind of you to come so soon! We only reached town yesterday."

"Read that!" said Julia, in a voice so harsh and strange that it surprised herself.

Angela took the wet and twisted letter from her outstretched hand.

"Julia! You are ill. You are in trouble. You are crying. What is the matter?"

She hastened towards her friend, who repulsed her and said, "Read that!" again in the same strange voice.

Angela, not knowing what to think of this wild demeanour, sank upon her knees at a table, and with a backward look began to unfold the letter. It was so closely clamped together, and so tender with moisture, that she found it necessary to look at it alone, and, with all the haste she dared to expend upon it, was a full minute before she could read a word. The minute seemed a long time to both of them, and the threatening foot that beat upon the carpet had grown monotonous in its sound.

Angela skimmed the letter as a bird skims water, and arose to her feet.

"Angela Butler," said the little widow, "did you have that sent to me?"

"No," said Angela. "How dare you think such a thing of me? How could you think it?"

The first question was indignant; but the second, which followed on it without a pause, was altogether sympathetic. This time, when Angela advanced to embrace her, Mrs. Spry let her head fall piteously, and offered no repulse. She began to cry again.

"Who sent it?" she sobbed. "Who dared to send it?" Angela's mind was darting this way and that in swift inquiry; but she knew too little of the Patriot and his affairs to find the faintest clue to an answer. Who could have known enough to write the letter? Lucy Farley, Maskelyne, and O'Rourke himself—these were all. It flashed across her suddenly that O'Rourke had possibly boasted of his own insolence. Men did such things—she had read of them. Even to the confused mind of the sufferer Angela's passionate start at this fancy meant no less than discovery. The two women, who had knelt together—the one to grieve and the other to comfort her—arose simultaneously and faced each other.

"He is a wretch!" cried Angela.

"Who? Who is a wretch?" demanded the little widow, with appealing hands. Angela began to cry with her friend, and fell to kissing and mourning over her. "Oh," cried Mrs. Spry, wringing her hands and weeping all the more for these demonstrations of sympathy, "who—who is a wretch?"

"He is a wicked, bad, unprincipled man," said Angela. "Oh, my dear; I am so, so sorry. I saw that you were beginning to care for him; but I could not warn you. Why are we so tongue-tied when we see things going wrong?"

"Angela," said Mrs. Spry gulpingly, "how dare you say so? I'm sure he's the best and noblest of men."

"He's the basest and most dishonourable of men!" cried Angela, stung by her new suspicion of him, which, following on her old certainties, made her feel altogether merciless.

"Angela," said the widow, clinging to her and looking at her imploringly, "did he make love to you before he met me?"

"Only a few days before," Angela answered. "And he knew then that George—that Mr. Maskelyne—He professed to be Mr. Maskelyne's dearest friend. I hated him from the first—"

"I don't believe it!" said Mrs. Spry, withdrawing her clinging hands, and betaking herself to walking up and down the room.

"You wanted him for yourself. You know you did." Having fired this pellet she sank suddenly upon a sofa, and burying her face upon the arm of it, sought feebly for her pocket-handkerchief. At first Angela was very angry; but her pity soon overcame her. She drew a chair near the sofa, and took the wandering hand in both her own.

"You are very grieved I know, dear," she said, "or you would never think or say such things. I did not want him for myself. You know that Mr. Maskelyne and I are going to be married? I loved him long before he came over to Belgium to visit us. I should never have married another man if he had never spoken to me. But Mr. O'Rourke heard that I had money, and he tried to come between us, and to separate us. If he had not done that I might have liked him very well. But he succeeded for awhile, and made us both very unhappy. Then he met you, dear, and found that you had more money than I, and so he pretended to fall in love with you. The mercenary wretch!" The sweet sympathetic voice cooed in the stricken little woman's ear like the murmur of the dove; but the exclamation broke on the murmur as sudden as a cat-scratch. "Then he boasted—I can see it all—to some man friend of his about his impertinence to me, and I am made to seem as if he had thrown me away like an old glove. He is a base, unworthy creature, Julia. Throw him away. Be brave, and forget him."

This was one of those things which are much easier to advise than to do. But Angela since her engagement had learned from her lover most that was to be known from him, and she tried to strengthen her friend's mind with it to such effect, that at length she drew from her a declaration that she would see O'Rourke no more. When she had achieved this triumph, she took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote this note, whilst Mrs. Spry still lay dissolved in grief upon the sofa:—

"SIR,—Oblige me by reading the enclosed. Should you desire to answer it you may do so in person. I am staying with Miss Butler, and you may meet us together at any time it may suit you to appoint."

After prolonged effort she succeeded in persuading the widow to copy this, and to address it to O'Rourke, accompanied by the Fraser letter. This feat accomplished, the poor thing was got to bed, and after a weary while to sleep. Angela rejoiced in this victory for Mrs. Spry's own sake, and held her saved from the most terrible of fates.

All next day she tended her friend, denying herself even to Maskelyne, except for a brief moment, and all day the widow awaited O'Rourke in lamentable alternations of hope and despondency. O'Rourke did not appear, but he sent an agonised note, assuring his dearest Julia that he would account for all and everything if she would but meet him alone, if but for five minutes, and protesting somewhat inconsequently that there was nothing to account for. The note was written with more of nature and less of art than the Patriot usually allowed himself, but this was to be accounted for, at least in part, by the fact that he was disturbed by the arrival (almost at the same moment with the post) of a professional person, who offered him an account with costs, and a printed form which justified him in remaining on the debtor's premises until such time as the debt should be discharged.

He waited for an answer to his pleading, and when it came by special messenger his heart leaped with sudden hope, but when he had torn open the envelope he read that Mrs. Spry presented her compliments to Mr. O'Rourke, and would receive him in Miss Butler's presence whenever he chose to ask for an appointment. At this he raged helplessly and hopelessly. As for Fraser, whose handwriting he had recognised without hesitation, he felt that he could have slain him without remorse. To have been so cunning, so clever, so bright, audacious, and successful, and then at last to be foiled by such a fool! It was pitiful. It was enraging. It was unendurable. But there was no escape from it, unless he could make up his desperate mind to face the two women together, and brave one of them. That would bring Maskelyne's contempt upon him, but what was Maskelyne's contempt compared with what he lost?

It was a terrible thing to have to do, but he had to do it, and would do it. He would go, and present a picture of injured innocence. It would need little art, if much courage. It was but to declare that he was true, that he had never made pretensions to Miss Butler's hand, and that he was Julia's for ever, though her want of faith should break his heart. He shook a little at the prospect, but he had everything to win, and next to nothing at all to lose. He pencilled a few lines upon a card, enclosed the card in an envelope, jumped into a hansom, and was driven to the hotel.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MRS. SPRY was not one of those women who make a resolution in order to adhere to it. She made up her mind as often as anybody, and she made a great pretence to herself of regarding her conclusions as irrevocable; but this, after all, was very much after the fashion of children who make believe that they long for bad weather in order to secure a fine day for a picnic. The belief is, that if you long quite sincerely for bad weather, you may secure its opposite. It is only the female infant who rises to this splendour of self-deception. The male infant is not adroit enough at blinding himself.

Mrs. Spry's method was to resign herself entirely to the worst in all cases, and to believe in the blackest possible condition of things implicitly, that the Fates might be propitiated into making the best of them. It was altogether essential that she should be in a state of real despondency, and should have no hope at all, because the Fates were beings who always gave you the contrary of your expectation. It was even diplomatic to desire that nothing should turn out well, in order that it might turn out well in the end. So that even when the storm was at its loudest, a furtive note of complacency and hope twanged through it. In this matter of O'Rourke's, which, to do her justice, was the most terrible she had ever encountered, it was necessary to make believe very hard indeed in order to bring things round. She gave herself up without reserve therefore to a belief in his perfidy and unworthiness, and afflicted her soul terribly for his sake.

But how grotesquely soever we may dress our griefs we cannot succeed in disguising them, and in spite of her pretences the tender-hearted little woman suffered as profoundly as it was in her to suffer.

She and Angela were sitting together when O'Rourke's hastily-pencilled card arrived. Mrs. Spry tore open the envelope, and uttered a little cry.

"Wait outside, if you please," said Angela to the servant. She dreaded a scene.

"He is here," said Mrs. Spry tremulously. "He is waiting." Her shaking hand pressed the card upon Angela.

"I will wait until you are ready to see me," she read. "I have a right to clear myself. It will be best to speak in Miss Butler's presence.—HECTOR."

"Oh, he is innocent," cried the widow.

"Julia," said Angela with tender anxiety, "he is not innocent. He has come to take advantage of your weakness. We will admit him, and hear what he has to say."

She spoke bravely, but inwardly she trembled. The position was peculiar, and she felt it to be indelicate, and all her contempt and

anger for the man who forced it upon her could not shield her own sense of outraged modesty. At the least she had to sit in tacit evidence of the fact that the visitor had made disloyal love to her, and if he were here to deny that fact, she would have to make proclamation of it. This looked like a flat impossibility, and yet facing it was the equally flat impossibility of allowing Julia to fall into this adventurer's hands through silence. It had seemed a most easy and victorious stroke of diplomacy to promise that Julia should see the Patriot in her presence, because it had seemed so sure and obvious a thing that he would never dare to accept the challenge. But now he had so dared, and the conquering diplomacy turned out to be a dreadful blunder. How much better it would have been to have done almost anything else!

There was nothing to be done now, however, but to meet him. Angela trembled from wrath and shame, and the widow from love and hope. The message was despatched, and a mere minute afterwards O'Rourke was shown into the room. He was pale, but his manner was under perfect control. He made no attempt to approach Mrs. Spry, but having closed the door, bowed, and advancing to the centre of the room laid both hands on the rail of a chair, which he held firmly. He looked then at Angela, and his brows contracted ever so little as if in inquiry. He was playing to look as if he asked himself what had induced her to adopt a rôle so extraordinary as the one she had taken up, and his trained sense of humbug came so to his aid that he asked himself that question unflatteringly. Next he looked at the widow, and his glance was full of appeal. Neither of the women spoke a word, but Angela, with her eyes fixed upon O'Rourke, reached out a hand sideways, and took her friend by the wrist, sliding her hand downwards until the fingers of both were interlaced.

"I have received a letter from you, Julia," O'Rourke began, "containing an enclosure in the handwriting of a bitter enemy of mine, a political rival who is enraged at his own want of success. I am here to tell you that that letter contains one innuendo which is based on truth, and only one. I am indebted to your friend, Mr. Maskelyne. Apart from that one truth I deny every statement the letter contains."

Then he paused, looking from one to the other of his auditors. Mrs. Spry drew her hand from her companion's, and half arose, but Angela checked her.

"I begin to see, sir, that I have made a mistake," she said. "I fancied you would not dare to come here. I have read the letter you speak of." She could go no further.

"I supposed," returned O'Rourke, "from the note which accompanied it that you had done so. I supposed also that you support its statements. I do not know how you have allowed yourself to be persuaded of the truth of those statements, but I declare them, upon the faith of an honest man, to be without foundation."

"Angela!" cried Mrs. Spry, "I knew it. I was sure of it. It's all a mistake."

"Thank you, Julia!" cried the Patriot. "Thank you!"

At this Angela took unexpected fire, and rising to her feet in sudden self-possession, faced the Patriot with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes.

"I do not rely upon much from you, Mr. O'Rourke, upon which I might count with safety from most men. But I will ask you a question or two, if you will be so kind as to answer them."

"I will answer any question you may ask me, Miss Butler," he answered, inclining his head with grave courtesy.

"Forgive me if I hurt you, dear," said Angela, swiftly turning to her friend. "You did not know, Mr. O'Rourke, that my friend Mrs. Spry was wealthy, until she herself told you so?"

"I knew that she was well-to-do," returned O'Rourke, "but I did not know that she was wealthy. You will remember, Julia, that your statement took me by surprise."

"You did not suppose her fortune to be greater than it really is?"

"I certainly did not," said O'Rourke. He actually smiled at this as if he thought amused him.

"Did Mr. Maskelyne tell you before introducing you to her that she was worth ten millions of dollars?"

"No," said O'Rourke, shaking his head.

"Will you tell Mr. Maskelyne that in our presence?"

"With pleasure," said the Patriot. He had counted on this, and was prepared for it. Maskelyne despised him already, and Angela hated him. He thought her curiously unwomanly now, and wondered a little to see even jealousy carry a refined and ladylike girl into such a contest. But nothing that he could say or do would mend their views of him, and there was at least a chance that an unshaken demeanour might convince Julia. There was room in his mind for regret for his old errors. It was a pity he had ever paid attentions to Angela at all. It had been stupid to pretend to Julia that he was amazed at the extent of her fortune. A straightforward avowal that he had known it would have sounded well, but he had tied himself back from making it. He regretted profoundly that he had walked into a position from which it was impossible to extricate himself except by the most heroic and persistent lying. He felt, even more keenly, the chance there was that he might not be believed.

Julia's demeanour at this moment told him nothing certain. He recognised anxiety and distress, but they were all he could read. Here was the crucial hour of his fortunes, anyway. This was the time which would make him or break him. It should not be his fault if he were broken.

Angela had no sooner received his answer to her last question than she had crossed the room and rung the bell. All three waited in silence until the summons was answered.

"Mr. Maskelyne is with Major Butler," said Angela, when the attendant appeared. "Ask him to come here." The servant retired, and she turned to O'Rourke. "I have you the letter, Mr. O'Rourke?" she asked, quietly.

"I have destroyed it," said O'Rourke. He saw no reason why he should make her side of the case easier than it need be.

Angela repeated herself, and took the widow's hand again. It trembled, and was very cold. O'Rourke kept his place behind the chair, and held tightly to the rail. By and by there was a tap at the door, and Maskelyne entered. He started when he saw O'Rourke, who inclined his head in solemn recognition of him, and closing the door, walked swiftly into the room, and took up a place beside the sofa, where he could command the faces of all three.

"This gentleman has just answered a question I have had to put to him," said Angela. "Let me tell you everything. Mr. O'Rourke will correct me if I misstate the case. Mrs. Spry has received an anonymous letter, advising her to ask Mr. O'Rourke certain questions. By my advice Mrs. Spry forwarded that letter to Mr. O'Rourke. But, perhaps, Mr. O'Rourke himself would prefer to recite the questions."

"I thank you," said O'Rourke, "but no." Once more he saw no reason why he should make her side of the case easier than it need be.

One fixed spot gleamed on each of the girl's cheeks, but otherwise she was very pale. Her eyes shone and the bosom of her dress fluttered. She panted a little in her speech, but she chose her words with care, and though she addressed herself to her lover she looked persistently at O'Rourke. He met her gaze with a settled look of inquiry, his head slightly lowered, and his brows contracted by the merest trifle.

"There were several questions. The first was, if I remember, why Mr. O'Rourke had ceased his efforts in pursuit of Miss Butler's hand. The second question was why he had kissed that hand in the darkness of the *sortie* at the Grottoes. A third

asked why he had quarrelled with Mr. Maskelyne. A fourth why he did not pay his debts to Mr. Maskelyne. Mr. O'Rourke admits his knowledge of the authorship of the letter. He attributes it to a political rival."

"I attribute the letter to Michael Fraser," said O'Rourke. "He made no attempt to disguise his hand, and I am, of course, familiar with it."

"But he denies the truth of the letter except in one particular."

"I admit my debt to Mr. Maskelyne," said O'Rourke. "I have made no secret of it. I would have admitted the quarrel had I remembered it, though it was not I who quarrelled with Mr. Maskelyne, but he who quarrelled with me."

"Angela," said Maskelyne, "forgive me if I say nothing is to be gained by this."

"One moment," returned Angela, coldly, feeling desperately that she was in the right, unmaidenly and even revolting as the whole thing seemed to her own eyes. "It was by my advice that Julia sent the anonymous letter to Mr. O'Rourke, and it was by my advice that she said, 'If he cared to offer any defence he might offer it to her in my presence.' I miscalculated the forces of insolence, and he came."

"Perhaps I may take the weight of the interview upon my own shoulders," Maskelyne suggested. "I think, sir, that if we left the ladies here—"

"I beg your pardon," said O'Rourke. "I have been put upon my defence, by Miss Butler, as it seems." He turned then to the widow. "Make allowances for me, Julia, if I resent an interference between us. If I could be sure that your confidence was unbroken I should care for nothing."

"Naturally!" said Maskelyne. "We are all in a curious position here. What are we to do?"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Spry, suddenly bursting into tears. "I can't bear this any longer. I won't. I'll have the truth. I've always loved you like a sister, Angela Butler, and if you tell me anything that isn't true. . . . Do tell me the truth, Angela. Oh, do! for pity's sake. Was he courting you before he came to me?"

"I offered to Miss Butler," said O'Rourke, "nothing but those polite attentions a lady has a right to demand of a gentleman."

"You kissed her hand," sobbed Julia. "You kissed her hand in the dark."

"Julia," said O'Rourke, "I have protested upon the faith of an honest man, that there is absolutely no foundation for that story."

"You have?" asked Maskelyne with raised eyebrows, and an intonation of delicious languor.

"I have—and do," replied O'Rourke, throwing back his head like a man who defies the world.

"Ladies," said Maskelyne, with extreme gentleness, "this is no place for you any longer. I have invited Mr. O'Rourke to leave you, and he has declined. May I ask you, therefore, to leave Mr. O'Rourke and me? I have something to say that must be said, and in your presence I cannot say it."

"No," cried Mrs. Spry, who by this time had grown hysterical, and could control herself no longer. "I won't go till I know the truth. George Maskelyne, I've known you ever since we were both no higher than that table. You ought to know. Did Mr. O'Rourke make love to Angela? I don't care. I don't care. I'll know the truth if I break my heart. I won't marry a man that's been kissing another girl. I won't."

"Maskelyne," cried O'Rourke, "it is all a horrible mistake."

"It is no mistake," said Maskelyne. "Angela, my dear, I must ask you to leave us. Let Mrs. Spry remain if she will." He passed an arm through Angela's and escorted her to the door. She accompanied him unresistingly.

"If your presence is needed I will come for you," he said. "Don't be afraid, my dear. I promise I will say and do nothing but you shall have full knowledge of it."

"Don't quarrel, George," she whispered, tightening her hand upon his arm, as they came upon the window. "Promise me that."

"I promise that," he said, and hastened back again, closing the door behind him. O'Rourke was talking rapidly and in a low tone to Mrs. Spry, who was crying in complete abandonment, though she heard all his protestations. She looked up at the sound of the closing door, and addressed Maskelyne.

"Tell me the truth. I want the truth. Tell me the truth."

"You have a right to hear it," said Maskelyne. "Mr. O'Rourke's attentions to Miss Butler were so marked that they drove me from the field. You knew two years ago, Mrs. Spry, that I was a suitor for her hand. That fact was not known to Mr. O'Rourke until a day or two before he made his first advances. But Mr. Fraser brought it to his knowledge, and mentioned an exaggerated rumour of her wealth, describing her as a great heiress."

"A lie," said O'Rourke, with outside calmness. "Fraser and I have quarrelled, and he has invented this story to damage me with you and with my friends."

"I am not inventing my story," returned Maskelyne, setting one foot upon a chair, resting his elbow upon his knee, and his chin upon his hand. "I will not advise you to say that the lady whom I have the honour to represent has invented hers. Your attentions to that lady were marked and open, and unmistakable."

"Tell me one thing, George Maskelyne," cried the widow hysterically, seizing him by the arm. "Did you—oh, dear! oh, dear!—How can I? Oh, I must. Tell me the truth, George. You won't deceive me."

"What is it you want to know, Mrs. Spry?"

"Did you tell him I had ten million dollars?"

"I told him so. Certainly. Do you deny that, sir?"

"I deny it," stormed O'Rourke, desperately. "It is a vile invention, Julia."

The widow clung to Maskelyne, and kept her eyes upon his face. She did not even glance at O'Rourke. Perhaps some instinct warned her that the truth was to be read in the one face more easily than in the other. Maskelyne's calm eye looked pure contempt.

"Pick up that last rag of self-respect, O'Rourke."

Mrs. Spry, still clinging to Maskelyne's arm, fell upon her knees and threw up her head with shriek on shriek of laughter. Maskelyne half carried, half dragged her to the bell-pull, and rang a tremendous peal.

"Go," he said. "Have at least that decency."

O'Rourke stood staring at the pair as much lost for the moment as if the whole world had tumbled in ruin about his ears. A waiter knocked at the door and entered.

"Send a female servant here, and run for a doctor," Maskelyne called to him. Mrs. Spry's wild laughter rang through the house. A chambermaid looked in at the open door and ran to her assistance.

Maskelyne, with a sweeping hand, commanded O'Rourke from the room. A dozen people were in the corridor staring with frightened faces.

Maskelyne and O'Rourke stood and looked at each other for a moment. The Patriot turned and took his hat and cane from a table, and then, facing his old friend again, raised the cane suddenly as if to strike him.

"Don't do that," said the young American softly and gravely. O'Rourke still retained a grain of his customary self-government.

He dropped his hand, and walked down the corridor and out of the hotel. His cabman hailed him, and he threw him half-a-crown, and strode towards his chambers, desperate, and half beside himself with rage. His chambers reached, he found the man in possession sitting there reading a newspaper. The sight tried him sorely, but he entered his bedroom without a word, and locking the door, sat down to think. His thoughts were too terrible to be endured without motion, and in a little time he began to pace wildly up and

down. Now and then, forgetting the man in the next room, he groaned aloud.

"Takes it hard," said the unwelcome functionary, attributing all this to his own presence there. "The sticks won't pay the bill, nor half. Won't fetch a hundred under the hammer. Hard lines if a Hem. P. can't raise as much as this."

It was dark, and O'Rourke was still raging up and down his bedroom when the maid brought up a note and knocked at the door.

"What's the matter?" he asked, unlocking the door, and thrusting a pale face into the light of the adjoining room.

"A note, sir," said the girl, "marked 'Immediate.'"

He took it and tore it open with a passionate eagerness. It came from Dobroski, and asked him to call upon the morrow. He cursed Dobroski, for his usual suavity of self-control had altogether deserted him. Then, clenching the note in his hand, he slammed the door and locked it, and fell to pacing up and down again.

(To be continued)



THERE were some very stylish weddings recently, and there are a few on the *tapis* to come off this month. It is the fashion for bridesmaids to wear small feathers to fasten tulle veils, and very pretty they look nestling amongst the plaits and curly fringes. At an aristocratic wedding recently the bride wore a bodice and train of *velours frisé*, white satin skirt, trimmed with Brussels lace, sprays of real orange-blossom, and a tulle veil,—by the way, it is now so easy to obtain these bridal flowers from Nice, Cannes, and other warm climates, that it is quite *de rigueur* to wear them.

The bridesmaids' costumes were very effective, a combination of cream canvas and crimson plush of a very rich shade; instead of bonnets they wore crimson feathers, ribbons, and tulle veils, together with pearl coronets and gold brooches, with the initials of the bride and bridegroom in diamonds. The bouquets were very elegant, of white eucharis lilies and crimson boreadia. Two little pages who carried the bride's train wore Highland costumes.

At another wedding the bridal costume was of white corded silk and Brussels lace, wreath of natural orange flowers. The bridesmaids' dresses were of brown velvet opening in front over primrose satin tabliers, velvet bonnets, and primrose-coloured wings, bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums. The departure dress was of dark blue and crimson serge, hat to match, long black *broché* velvet jacket trimmed with fur.

For a wedding about to take place the bridal dress is of cream white Irish poplin, trimmed with marabout feathers, the front embroidered in pearl lilies, tulle veil fastened with pearl and diamond butterflies, small sprays of real orange-blossom on the dress and in the hair. The bridesmaids' dresses of golden brown shaded plush over petticoats of pale-gold satin, the front breadth of satin, embroidered in shaded pink beads, panel at each side to match; velvet and satin hats, large pink-feather butterflies with outspread wings; on the left shoulder the same insect with closed wings; baskets of pink chrysanthemums and ferns. White serge, trimmed with a bright-coloured plush or velvet, is very much worn for quiet weddings.

It is often a puzzle what to wear when holding a stall at a fancy bazaar—if the costume be too striking, it takes from the attraction of the articles for sale; at a recent Puritan fancy fair, the stalls were fitted up with gabled roofs and signs, and the stall-holders were dressed in dark-green stuff costumes, made in the Puritan style, with plain full skirts, sleeves puffed to the elbow, and then plain, white muslin caps, tippets, and aprons.

A very stylish cloth costume was recently made in Paris for a member of our Royal Family; it was in the Henri III. style; the skirt was of navy blue cloth, with panels braided very finely; tablier of copper-coloured velvet, tight-fitting bodice trimmed with black braid arranged in loops. This is the month when a good tailor-made cloth or fine serge dress is an excellent investment, as we may anticipate at least three months of cold weather, and if the dress is of a dark colour, ladylike, and quiet, it may be worn all day with the addition of one of the many varieties of collarettes now so fashionable. For example, on a cloth dress, for the theatre or a home dinner, some very stylish *fichus* are made with a framework of velvet, edged with gold or silver *passementerie*, or coffee-coloured lace, the centre filled up with fine pleatings of cream-coloured net, tulle, or soft silk; the velvet of pink, gold, red, or pale blue; cuffs to match: they look very nice, and are quite dressy enough for the purpose.

Amongst the novelties in woollen materials is crocodile cloth, which is the exact colour of the reptile after which it is named; it combines well with warm-tinted browns, in plush or velvet. A very novel method of making woollen costumes is with long ends, which resemble stoles, attached to the bodice; the *basque* fully pleated at the back. Fur is very much used for trimming both day and evening dresses of wool, plush, and velvet. Black is more popular than ever this winter, touched up with bits of vivid colour; for example, a bonnet of elaborately-embroidered jet is relieved by a group of velvet flowers, exact imitations in size, shape, and hue, *après Nature*. Pompons, chrysanthemums, Parma violets, and numerous orchids of rare species are to be seen. There are as many varieties in the shapes of bonnets as there are days in the year, the tendency is still to raise them in high points in the front; but as this style is rarely becoming, excepting to those fortunate beings who look well in anything, we find many variations on this exalted theme, and advise our readers to first study what shape is most becoming to their type of features and complexions, making that mysterious myth, "The Fashion," quite a secondary consideration. It is sometimes pitiable to see the frights people, who are not favoured by Nature with either the *beauté de jeunesse* or *de vieillesse*, make of themselves.

At first sight the uninitiated observer would say that costumes are less fussy and expensive than they have been of late; but, although the foundations are plain, the trimmings are of the richest and often most expensive description; but wealthy folks may, and doubtless do, condone their mutual extravagances by the fact that they give employment to a large number of their poor but gifted sisterhood who earn a living by needle, painting, and designing. At some of the leading *dépôts* for embroideries, *appliqués*, and trimmings in general, may be seen some veritable works of art. On self-coloured net are flowers of a darker shade of velvet *appliqués*, which have a charming effect. These velvet flowers may be procured ready to put on by any fairly good worker, care only being required not to pucker or draw the work; a very pretty work for those industrious young people whom necessity compels to keep their dressmaker's bill within narrow bounds will be found in beads, the varieties of which baffle description; we can only advise our readers to choose for themselves. To give an idea of the perfection to which trimmings are carried, we cite a *tablier* of cream satin, on which were raised flowers, in high relief, of pink velvet, the stems and veins worked in silk, and besides this were introduced fans, made of gold stockingette, a very pretty material.

One house makes a speciality of braids, in various designs and widths, arranged in lozenges, crosswise, edgewise, &c.; wooden beads are much used, either carved or plain. Buttons are made on a very large scale for jackets and mantles in pierced metal, carved



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OFF TO DEFEND SOFIA—SUMMONING RESERVES IN A BULGARIAN TOWN
THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA



"ELECTED"

wood, and smoked pearl, with raised designs in beads, flowers, or initials. There is much taste and ingenuity displayed in fringes, some of which are formed of olive-shaped drops; sets of bead trimmings are made for the fronts of dresses, with epaulettes to match.

Some very elegant dinner dresses were shown to us, from which we have selected a few for description. One was a pale heliotrope with a pinkish shade through it, which might be called *opale*, made, as it was, in plush; the *tablier* had three wide flat pleats in plain plush, trimmed on one side with plain *faillie*, pleats in plain plush, and marabouts; the velvet train on the other with striped *faillie* and marabouts; the velvet train was a shade darker, made with simple pleatings, and a puff above the waist; it was lined with a lighter shade of satin, and edged with a double quilting of the same. Another very elegant dinner dress was of the new colour which bears the eccentric name of *tisons de fer*, a combination of satin and plush, the corsage cut very low in points back and front, and filled up with tulle of the same hue. For young girls white tulle or net costumes, with water-fall backs and pearl-embroidered fronts, are much worn. A very pretty idea is panels of flowers, about a quarter to half a breadth wide, white roses, violets, pompons, lilies, &c. The corsages are made square back and front, and trimmed with flowers to match. For high bodices fancy epaulettes are worn. Neither matrons nor young people consider their wardrobe complete without a black lace dress, which forms so useful a background for floral and other decorations, and never looks either too dressy, or the reverse.



MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED gives us in "Australian Life: Black and White" (Chapman and Hall) a portion of her autobiography, and that portion of it which falls within the period of her girlhood. Then the author lived at her father's station of Naraigin, in one of the most unsettled districts of Queensland, and on the very borders of an unexplored country. Here her father went to reside when she was eight years old. At that time the relations between the Myall Blacks, or Aborigines, and the scattered white settlers were not always satisfactory. Barbarous murders were perpetrated by the Myalls, and unrelenting punishment was meted out to them by the stern and hardy squatters. Mrs. Campbell Praed is sparkling and vivacious, and her narrative has all the characteristics of a well-told story. She has many interesting and amusing anecdotes to tell, not only of quaint European emigrants, but also of the savage or semi-civilised aborigines. Her descriptions of scenery are good, and she evidently has carefully studied and entered into the humour of the wilder and more Bohemian elements of the society in which she has mixed. Mrs. Praed's book has the greater value, in that it contains a vivid and life-like portraiture of individuals of an inferior race, which is in all probability doomed to speedy extinction.

"A Graduate in the University of Matrimony" evidently does not accept the unlimited application of the familiar saying, "They were married, had two children, and lived happy for ever afterwards," else she—it must be she—would scarcely have chosen for her book the shockingly cynical title, "How to be Happy, Though Married" (Fisher Unwin). The author dedicates her work "To those brave men and women who have ventured, or intend to venture, into that state which is 'a blessing to a few, a curse to many, and a great uncertainty to all,' in admiration of their courage." If there be something pretentious in the title-page and in the dedication, there is an admirable skill and industry shown in the general execution of the work. Even the best-intentioned young women and men might break down in presence of three hundred pages of good advice on a trite subject if the whole were not agreeably flavoured. This danger the author has foreseen, and "How to be Happy, Though Married," is rich in anecdote and replete with happy quotation.

Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons have published a second edition of Professor William Minto's "Characteristics of English Poets." This work ranges over the period which embraces the poetic activities of Chaucer and Shirley. The author is discriminating and measured in his criticism. His style and arrangement of matter will possibly deprive him of the suffrages of the general reader, but he will deserve those of the historical student. The two hundred years that lie between the death of Edward III. and the Elizabethan era merit attentive consideration. They are the connecting link between an England we can more or less understand and one that is as strange to us as the realm of Arthur. The age of the Puritan and the matchless English of the English Bible thus links itself gradually with a time when roystering monks were

popular and when Anglo-Saxon was, in an invidious sense, the vulgar tongue. Mr. Minto's "Characteristics of English Poets" may be recommended as a useful and reliable handbook for the study of one department of the history of literature.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. are the publishers of a new series of books dealing with sports and pastimes, which will bear the title of the Badminton Library. The first volume treats of "Hunting," mainly written by His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., and Mr. Mowbray Morris, though the Earl of Suffolk and Mr. Berkshire, the Rev. E. W. L. Davies, Mr. Digby Collins, and Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson are also contributors. The illustrations, which are excellent and appropriate to the subject, are by Mr. J. Sturges and Mr. J. Charlton. The object of the Badminton Library is to supply a modern encyclopædia to which the inexperienced man who seeks guidance in the practice of the various British sports and pastimes can turn for information. The information will be supplied by men who have many years' experience of the sports of which they write, and are also adepts in them. "Hunting" is very thoroughly done. It opens with a clear narrative of the history and literature of this ancient sport, which rejoices in the remote renown of a Nimrod. It deals with the chase of the stag, the fox, the hare, and the beagle. It contains instructions on all needful points as to the stable, the kennel, the duties of hunt servants, and so on. The whole is enlivened by anecdotes and stories of famous runs. "Hunting" will find a place in every sporting library as a standard work on the sport which has done so much to maintain the estimation of manly qualities among Englishmen.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have recently issued the "Modern History Volume" of "Cassell's Illustrated Universal History," by Mr. Edmund Ollier. The period dealt with ranges from the beginning of the fifteenth century down to the close of the Franco-German War, and, like Mr. Ollier's previous productions in this line, is a readable and fairly accurate compilation. The illustrations are very numerous, and when they deal with scenery and public monuments may perhaps be relied on. In depicting episodes of slaughter, incidents of field and flood, the imagination has naturally a wider scope, which the artists have evidently appreciated.

We have also received from the same firm the fourth volume of their new and revised edition of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England." This volume covers the time between the death of Lord Mayo, in 1872, and the passing of the Franchise Bill of 1884-85. It forms a useful compendium of the events of the last thirteen years, and is copiously illustrated. Among the woodcuts are one of Lord Randolph Churchill, from a sketch in the House, which is scarcely the artistic production of a friend of his lordship.

Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co. publish for Miss L. Higgin, late of the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington, "Art as Applied to Dress, with Special Reference to Harmonious Colouring." The hints as to the proper course to pursue in doing justice to a beautiful form, or in minimising the effect produced on the eye by an imperfect one, seem to be judicious and sound in principle. The observations on the harmonious arrangement of colours should be useful to ladies, and also to those who interest themselves in the assortment of bouquets. The instruction here given can be easily and with profit absorbed by those who have not from nature the gift of taste. The book is written in a plain and unpretentious style, and would be in its place on every housewife's work-table.

"The Popular Guide to Westminster Abbey," by M. C. and E. T. Bradley, is the title of the *Pall Mall Gazette* Extra No. 19. The introductory chapter is by the Dean of Westminster. The book seems everything that a guide to a great national monument should be, invaluable to visitors from the country to London, and full of interesting information for those who, from daily familiarity with the majestic pile of the English Pantheon, are apt to neglect the opportunity for self-culture afforded by pondering its past, and studying its historic, artistic, and architectural treasures.

Dr. R. E. Dudgeon has edited the "History of Homœopathy" (Gould and Son), translated from the German of Dr. Wilhelm Amede by Dr. Alfred E. Drysdale. The work goes very thoroughly into the whole controversy which surrounds its subject, and should be of value to medical men.

Mr. L. Upcott Gill has published a fifth edition of his very handy and complete guide to "Seaside Watering Places." It describes the holiday resorts on the coasts of England and Wales, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man. There are useful particulars as to their attractions, with other information likely to assist persons in selecting places in which to spend their holidays, according to their individual tastes. Some coast maps and an index enhance the practical merit of the book.

"The Industrial Self-Instructor," the first volume of which is now published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., should find a ready entrance into every English artisan's home. It covers a large

amount of ground, and such subjects as building and mechanical design and construction, materials usual in the arts and sciences, manufactures, chemical industry, art manufactures, rural work, technical drawing, and design are dealt with by numerous practical writers and technical experts. The whole is profusely illustrated with working drawings, designs, and diagrams. If the English workman is to succeed in the competition of the future he must avail himself of all the aids afforded him by technical schools and handbooks. The volume is replete with valuable matter. "Whist Developments," by "Cavendish" (Thomas De La Rue and Co.), treats of American leads, and an attempt is made to generalise the cases where the leader's partner, when he does not head the trick, should play to unblock by retaining his lowest card and playing a higher one. Whist players will welcome this addition to their literature from a standard authority on the game.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—This firm has published at a reduced price the excellent arrangement for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours of *Mors et Vita*, Charles Gounod's sacred trilogy. To admirers of this gifted composer's recent work this edition will prove very welcome; the print is clear and the work is well got up.—"Lullaby," for the violin, with a pianoforte accompaniment, by T. E. Gatehouse, is simple and melodious.—"Full Fathom Five," by Shakespeare, has been set to music by G. Rayleigh Vicars in a pleasing manner for S.A.T.B.—Good music for schools as well as for the home circle will be found in "Four Two-Part Songs," with pianoforte accompaniments, composed by Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon.; they are respectively, "Bright Summer," words by Leigh Hunt; "Thoughts of Home," words by Mrs. Hemans; "The Sailor's Lullaby," words by S. Cobb; and "A Holiday," words by Victor Bede.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—From hence come six pianoforte duets in what is called "The Hanover Edition." At this season, when our young folks, fresh from school, are expected to show off, duets are highly to be commended, as the timid player gains confidence from her more courageous companion. Best on the list is "The Gipsy Rondo" (Haydn), which Adrian de Lorme has arranged with much taste and skill. This piece is always popular in whatever form it is given.—The same transcriber has arranged "The Mermaid's Song" from Weber's charming opera of *Oberon*, Schulhoff's "Galop di Bravura," Quident's "Mazeppa Galop," "Vallance," a polka *militaire*, by Joseph Ascher, and, easiest of the group, "Une Petite Fleur," by Charles Voss. There is sufficient variety in these six duets to constitute a very agreeable Christmas-box.—Many of our readers will have heard and admired "St. George's Wedding March," by W. Pinney, Mus. Bac., Oxon., as played by the composer at the International Inventions Exhibition; this March is arranged for the organ and the pianoforte.

MESSRS. E. ASCHERBERG AND CO.—A dramatic and effective song is "The Great Master," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Odoardo Barri.—Two attractive songs for the drawing-room, words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Suchet Champion, are:—"Cross and Crown," the more original of the two, and "Love's Melody," which is of an ordinary type.—By the above writer is a pathetic poem, "Guiding Light," set to music by John Henry.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Second Series of "Christmas Carols," written and composed by Mrs. Herniman and Alfred Redhead, are equal in merit to their predecessors, they are especially intended for children in church, at home, and in school. Of the twelve before us, if any preference be given, it should be to No. 13, "Carol for Christmas Eve;" 14, "The Babe of Bethlehem;" 16, "The Infant Jesus;" 18, "Epiphany;" 20, "The Christmas Party;" and 22, "The Christmas Stocking" (Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh).—A very charming and pathetic song, published in three keys, is "Could I But Say," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Joseph Koeckel (Tito di Ricordi).—Two very good songs for a mezzo-soprano or tenor, music by Joseph Spawforth, are:—"Parted Lives," words by Edward Oxenford; and "Until We Meet," words by C. G. Bingham (The London Music Publishing and General Agency Company).—"No Rose Without a Thorn," one of Frances K. Haavergal's sweet poems, has been prettily set to music for a mezzo-soprano by Marian E. Hopkinson (Messrs. Hutchings and Co.).—Very sentimental words set to appropriate music are combined in "Longing and Hoping," written and composed by M. A. Baines and Herbert Baines (Messrs. Moutrie and Son).

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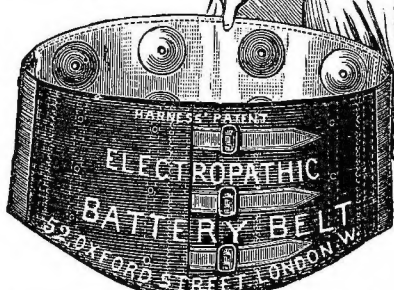
Dr. ANDREW WILSON writes as follows in "Health," June 5, 1885:

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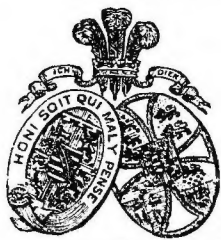
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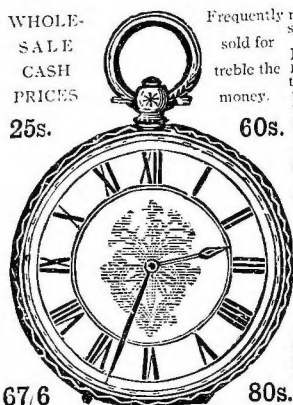
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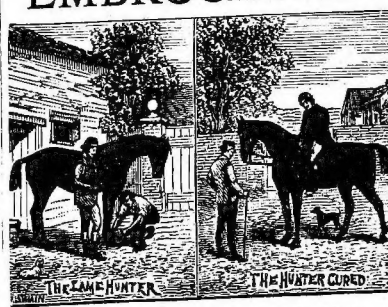
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